

PN
4305
C5J3





Class PN 4305

Book C5 D3

DANDY DIALOGUES FOR CHRISTMAS



PRICE, 25 CENTS

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

THE CABINET MINISTER Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society ; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

DANDY DICK Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

THE GAY LORD QUEX Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

HIS HOUSE IN ORDER Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE HOBBY HORSE Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern ; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

IRIS Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

LADY BOUNTIFUL Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern ; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

LETTY Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern ; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Dandy Dialogues for Christmas

By
HARRIETTE WILBUR
and others

BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1911

PN 4305
C5 D3

Contents

	PAGE
A CHRISTMAS DINNER	3
HOLLY AND MISTLETOE	9
FATHER CHRISTMAS	15
SANTA CLAUS (<i>Monologue</i>)	21
THE OFFERINGS OF THE YEAR	33
CHRISTMAS CAPERS	47
RETURN OF MOTHER GOOSE	65
THE FAIRY STEEPLCROWN	89
SANTA CLAUS AT HOME	113
SANTA CLAUS THE FIRST	135
THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS	159



COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

A Christmas Dinner

A Christmas Dinner

CHARACTERS

JACK HORNER,
HUMPTY DUMPTY,
JACK AND JILL,
SIMPLE SIMON,
TOM, THE PIPER'S SON,
PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER,
QUEEN OF HEARTS,
RED RIDING HOOD,
MISS MUFFET.

SCENE.—*A room with table and chairs ; a stool in one front corner.*

COSTUMES.—JACK HORNER *wears a bib under his chin. His pie is a big milk pan having a crust of brown tissue paper. In the pan are bunches of raisins tied to long strings, the free ends of which are threaded through the crust before it is pasted down to rim of the pan. If preferred little sacks of candy may be used instead of the raisins.* HUMPTY DUMPTY *has a white blouse stuffed with paper to stand out very full, a big ruff slashed in points, and a little white cambric cap.* JACK *wears overalls and straw hat, and JILL an apron and sunbonnet.* SIMPLE SIMON *wears a dunce cap and has a tin pail and a fish-pole and line.* TOM, THE PIPER'S SON, *wears a butcher's cap and apron.* The QUEEN OF HEARTS *wears white liberally trimmed with red paper hearts, and a little gilt crown.* PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER *has pumpkin blossoms and leaves made of tissue paper tacked to his clothing.* RED RIDING HOOD *has her red cape and hood.* MISS MUFFET *wears an empire dress and a big tissue paper hat.*

(*Children enter by twos and threes and sit about table except JACK H., who cannot find a seat.*)

JACK H. Never mind, I'll sit here on this stool.

QUEEN (*drumming on the table*). I can't see why dinner isn't ready.

MISS M. What's the trouble, anyway?

JACK H. I think Peter should go find out.

ALL. Yes. Peter, you see when dinner is ready.

PETER. No, let Humpty go.

HUMPTY. I guess not; Peter's the one to go.

ALL. Yes. Peter, run along.

(*PETER goes out.*)

R. R. HOOD (*clicking her knife and fork together*). I wish dinner was ready. I wanted to take grandma some nice things just as soon as I finished eating.

PETER (*returning*). Say, we don't have any Christmas dinners. Mother Goose went off to help Santa, and there isn't a bit of dinner ready.

ALL. What shall we do? Must we starve?

QUEEN (*rising*). Of course not! We'll each one find something and have it back here in a jiffy.

R. R. HOOD. A good plan. Let's each one tell what we can get.

(*All gather around.*)

HUMPTY. I know where there's a nest of fresh eggs out behind the garden wall.

MISS M. I'll bring some curds and whey.

QUEEN. I'll get some tarts.

SIMON. I'll go to fishing right away.

(*Sets down his pail and fishes until he speaks again as indicated near close of play.*)

TOM. I know where there's the fattest little pig you ever saw. The Old Woman who lives near the stile bought it for a sixpence she found one day when she was sweeping the floor. It is to be roasted for her dinner to-day. I'll bring it.

PETER. I'll let my wife out of the pumpkin shell and she'll bake you the finest pumpkin pie, I promise you.

JACK H. Pumpkin pie's all right, Peter, but I'll see what kind of a pie I can find. Two pies won't be too many with two such pie eaters as we to feed.

ALL. Well, here we go!

(All exit except SIMON.)

R. R. HOOD *(reëntering first with a little basket)*. I couldn't find a thing, but I've brought my basket, and as soon as everything is here I'll fill it and set off to grandma's.

QUEEN *(reëntering)*. Oh! Oh! All my tarts have been stolen. The Knave of Hearts did it, and he hasn't left me a one.

(R. R. HOOD holds up her hands in dismay while QUEEN wipes her eyes. JACK and JILL limp in, JACK with a brown paper plaster on his head.)

R. R. HOOD. What is it? Are you hurt?

BOTH. We've had such a fall.

JILL. Poor Jack's crown is broken and I'm hurt all over.

JACK. And we spilt all the water, and rolled to the foot of the hill before we could stop. *(HUMPTY reënters, his cap awry, his ruff hanging over one shoulder, and all his padding removed. JACK groans, with his hand to his head.)* Well, Humpty, what's happened to you?

HUMPTY. The next time I climb a wall I'll be a hard-boiled egg. Why, I had the greatest fall! All the king's horses and all his men couldn't put me together again, so they sent for old Doctor Foster, and he came with his lantern through the mud and rain and patched me up as best he could. Eggs don't mend easily, I find. *(Hobbles to a chair.)*

MISS M. *(running in)*. Help! Help!

ALL. What's the matter, Muffet?

MISS M. Oh, the biggest spider! I was bringing my curds and whey, and stopped to rest a moment and try the dish, when I saw him coming right toward me. How I did run! I don't know where I left the bowl. Oh! oh! oh!

(She looks fearfully about and climbs upon the table.)

Enter PETER, a bandage round his head.

R. R. HOOD. Didn't you bring anything either, Peter?

PETER. Bring anything! Nothing but a sore head. The minute my wife was out of the pumpkin shell, where I've been keeping her so well, she began beating me on the head with her rolling-pin. Ouch!

(He sits down and holds his head.)

TOM (*running in*). They're after me!

ALL. Who's after you?

TOM. The old woman's servants.

R. R. HOOD. But where's the pig? Didn't you get it?

TOM. Yes. I got it right out of the oven, piping hot, but run as hard as I could, I couldn't get away with anything but the beating they gave me.

ALL (*turning to SIMON*). Did you catch anything, Simon?

SIMON. Not yet!

JACK. What do you expect to catch in that pail?

SIMON. Why, a whale. Won't that be big enough for us all? (*All laugh.*)

Enter JACK H., carrying his big tin pan.

ALL. Oh, see what Jacky Horner has found!

JACK H. (*sitting down on the stool*). It's my Christmas pie. Come here, all of you. Just see what a big boy I am. (*They all crowd around. JACK H. pulls a string and out comes a plum. All point their fingers at him and recite in a singsong tone, "Little Jacky Horner," etc. JACK H. holds out the pie.*) Help yourselves, everybody.

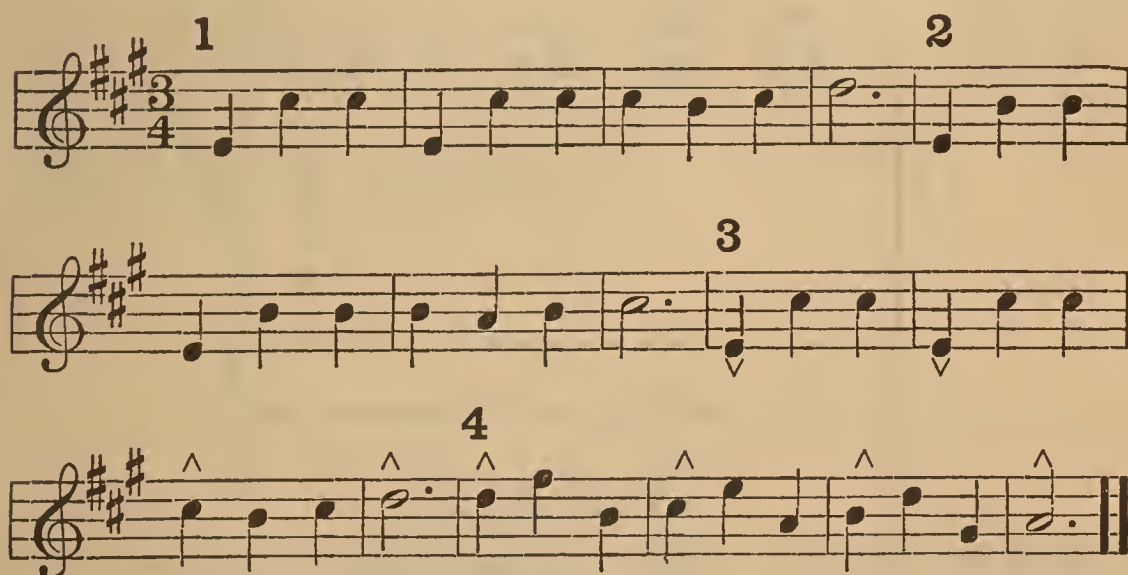
(*Each one pulls a string and gets a plum. If given in a schoolroom, JACK H. should have enough plums in the pan for each pupil, and pass about giving all a share of it.*)

CURTAIN

Holly and Mistletoe

Holly and Mistletoe

This exercise requires twelve little girls, eight of whom represent holly and four mistletoe. The holly girls wear little dresses of green cambric, made empire style, and trimmed with inch discs of bright red tissue paper. These are pasted in vertical rows on the skirt, then a band outlines the lower edge of the little empire yoke, the dutch neck outline and the elbow bands of the sleeves. Each girl wears a red bow in her hair and carries a large holly wreath tied with long red streamers. The mistletoe girls wear green dresses trimmed with white discs, white hair ribbons, and carry sprays of mistletoe.



Children form in line behind scenes as in Diagram A, two holly girls walking together, followed by a mistletoe girl. (In diagrams the holly girls are represented by the first eight let-

ters of the alphabet and the mistletoe girls by X.) The trio, A, B, X, are leaders, C, D, X are the second group, etc.

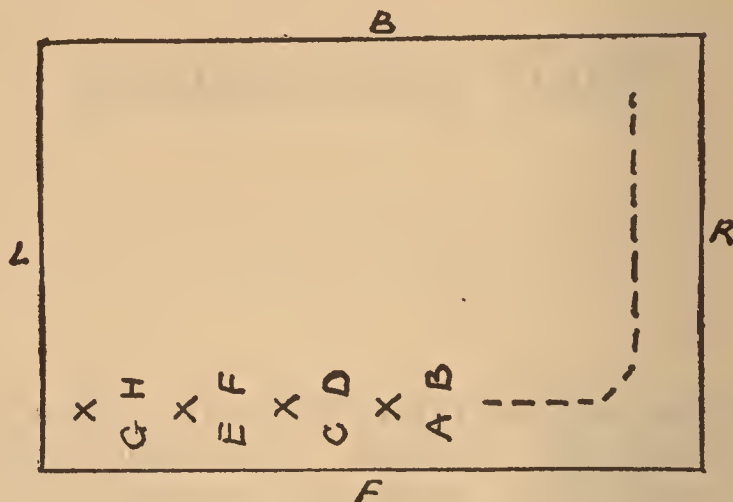


DIAGRAM A.

I. Pianist begins the above little waltz air, and they enter, march briskly across front, a step to each count, turn sharply at right front, pass down right side to right rear, turn and form in a line across rear of stage (as in Diagram B), the holly girls of each group standing side by side, the mistletoe girl standing

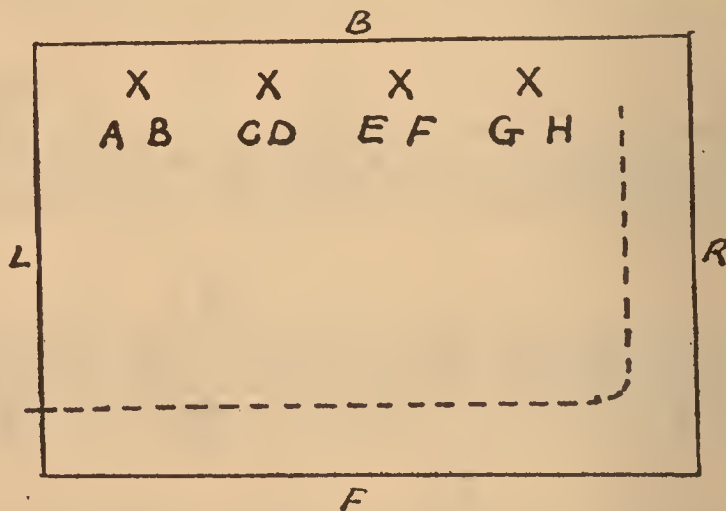


DIAGRAM B.

behind her partners. While entering the holly girls carry their wreaths on chest; the mistletoe sprays are held similarly.

II. Pianist repeats the air an octave higher. At 1 the girls in each trio clasp hands held high, wreaths and sprays held in right hands and circle about in groups until division 3 of the air is reached; here they halt as in Diagram B; the two holly girls unclasp hands, and still clasping hand of the mistletoe

girl, all take four steps forward on the notes marked v, then four backward steps on notes of fourth phrase marked Δ.

III. Pianist plays air as written, each holly girl in each group clasp hands with their partners X, B and C clasp hands as do F and G, and all begin walking toward the right. D goes around to clasp A's hand, H passes around to join E, thus forming two circles as in Diagram C. At division 3 of the music the two circles halt, and holding hands high, all take four forward steps to centre of their circle, then four steps back to place.

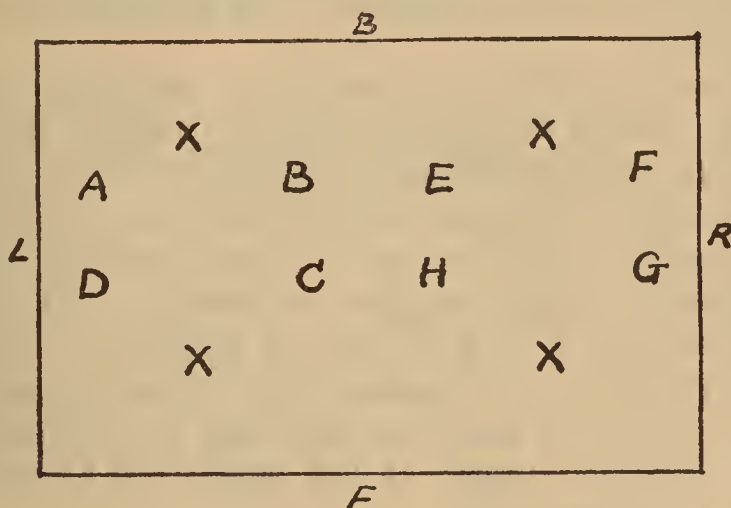


DIAGRAM C.

IV. Pianist plays as in II. B and E join hands as do also C and H, thus forming one large circle. The girls walk about until division 3 of the music is reached, then they halt as in Diagram D. They then take four forward steps to centre of ring and then four backward ones.

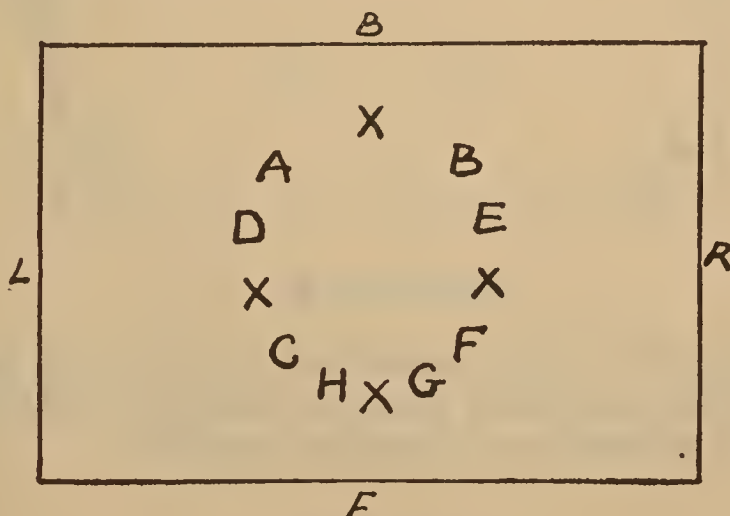


DIAGRAM D.

V. The holly girls now leave their places and walk around in a circle going right; at division 3 they halt in position as in Diagram D, then take the four forward and four backward steps.

VI. The mistletoe girls repeat V, while holly girls remain in position.

VII. Holly girls kneel, partners facing each other and touching wreaths, while each girl X walks about her kneeling partners; at division 3 the mistletoe girls halt, hold their sprays over the heads of the kneeling partners, at division 4, the two partners hold their wreaths together and pretend to kiss through them four times.

VIII. The four girls X advance to the centre and stand holding their sprays to form an arch; the girls A, D, C and H then face to the rear forming one line, the other four forming another; both lines walk toward the rear, meet by couples at rear and walk down centre of stage, passing under arch, where they stop to kiss through their wreaths. (A and B walk together, E and D, F and C, and G and H.) After passing through the arch, A and B walk around to left, pausing at rear left corner. E and D pass around right to rear right corner, F and C go left and pause at left front, and G and H go to right front. (Diagram E.)

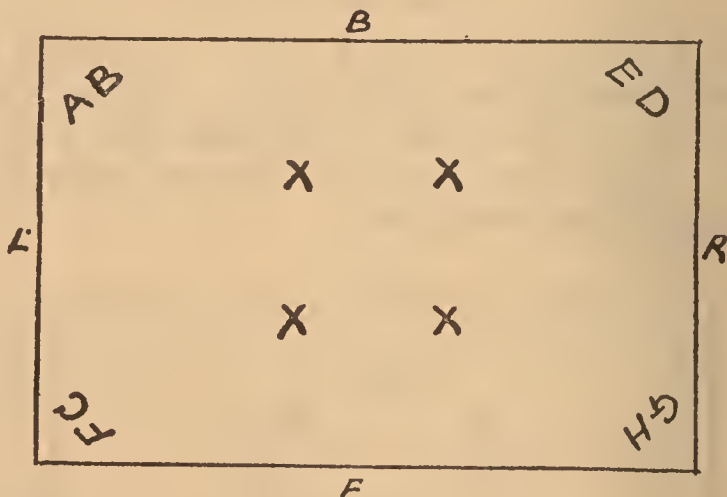


DIAGRAM E.

IX. Each girl X then passes to a corner of the stage, holds her spray high over head while the two holly girls place their faces to their wreaths and bring them together.

CURTAIN

Father Christmas

Father Christmas

- TABLEAU I. England—"The Yule-log."
TABLEAU II. America—"The Stockings."
TABLEAU III. Norway—"The Candle."
TABLEAU IV. Sweden—"The Sheaf."
TABLEAU V. Holland—"The Shoes."
TABLEAU VI. Russia—"Babousca."
TABLEAU VII. France—"Rupert."
TABLEAU VIII. Germany—"The Tree."
TABLEAU IX. Scotland—"The Mummings."
TABLEAU X. All nations—"Santa Claus."

This Christmas play consists of nine scenes, portraying the Christmas customs of various nations, with one, the tenth, in which all take part. The same scene, a fireplace, answers for all the tableaux. The fireplace may be constructed of boxes covered with brick-colored building-paper, or may be made of candy-boxes of imitation brick. A window should be at each side of the fireplace, with holly and mistletoe decorations everywhere.

TABLEAU I. England—"The Yule-log": This is a rough, knotty bit of log, with a rope fastened about its middle. On the rope several loops are made. Several children, quaintly clad, help drag in the log. A tiny child, dressed with a wide-pointed frill about the neck, each point having a tiny bell attached, rides on the log. Two or three more dance along beside the log as it is dragged into the scene and put into the fireplace. After placing it they sing a verse of some Christmas carol. *[Exit.]*

TABLEAU II. America—"The Stockings": Two or three little night-gowned children creep in and climbing upon stools, hang their stockings from mantel. (The Yule-log should be left in the scene, and for III both Yule-log and stockings are left.) Sing some carol or Santa Claus son *[Exit.]*

TABLEAU III. Norway—"The Candle": Two little children, a girl and a boy, dressed in the long garments of that

country (consult some picture for the costume), stand with backs to audience, before a window near the fireplace. (This window may be made by tacking up a window sash and partially draping it with a chintz curtain.) They light a candle and set it in the window, singing a little song of Christmas.

[*Exit.*

TABLEAU IV. Sweden—"The Sheaf": Two or three children clad in Swedish dress (consult some picture) bring in a sheaf of wheat. They leave it near the stage entrance, take out several handfuls and go out. A vigorous hammering is heard and then they return and sing some little song. [*Exit.*

TABLEAU V. Holland—"The Shoes": Two little children, clad in Holland dress, one a girl and one a boy, clatter in, singing some song. They take off their wooden shoes and place them on the window-sill after cleaning them carefully, and fill them with oats, hay, and carrots. [*Exit.*

TABLEAU VI. Russia—"Babousca": The Russian children believe Babousca, an old woman, brings them gifts. A larger girl dressed in shawl with a basket of bundles enters and recites:

"Babousca comes in snow and sleet,
On winds so cold and wild,
And in her basket are the gifts
For each good Russian child."

TABLEAU VII. France—"Rupert": A larger girl, dressed as a French peasant woman, stands near fireplace, two children near her. When Rupert, a large boy wearing a long cape and a slouch hat, and carrying a handful of switches, enters the room, the two children hide behind their mother's skirts, peeping fearfully out. Rupert hands the mother a few of the switches, but she shakes her head and smiles in refusal. He nods genially and exits. Children caper about, clapping hands joyfully. [*Exit.*

TABLEAU VIII. Germany—"The Tree": A German mother enters with a little Christmas tree. She places it near the fireplace and decorates it with tinsel and candles. While she does this children are heard tapping at door and calling, "Mutter, Mutter," or "Kleine Mutter," to which she always responds, "Nein, Kinder," or some other simple German phrase of refusal. Children cease rapping for a minute, then another tap is heard. Mother goes to door and puts out her head, then returns, smiling. In the middle of the tree she puts

a sort of Janus head, something like a Jack-o'-lantern. (A native-born German can be asked the details regarding its construction. It is made of wax and is hollow, with a candle inside.) Then she hangs little fancy cakes of various shapes (cross, head, etc.) on the tree. *[Exit.]*

TABLEAU IX. Scotland—"The Mummers": Three boys, in long capes and masks over eyes, enter and sing some old carol. *[Exit.]*

TABLEAU X. All nations—"Santa Claus": This universal saint of the Christmastide is dressed in red cambric trimmed with white batting, has a long white beard, peaked cap, and a big bag of toys. He enters, shaking with laughter, and looks at everything the children have placed in the room—the log, the tree, the stockings, the candle, the shoes. He takes the carrots and fodder from the shoes and places a toy in each one. Then he fills the stockings, and while he is putting presents on the tree, merry shouts are heard and the children—English, American, Scotch, French, Dutch, German (etc.)—all rush in. They dance about him singing some rollicking Santa Claus song. "Old Santa Claus is coming this way," or "Father Christmas" (Modern Music Series Primer) would be good.

CURTAIN

There are so many Christmas songs and carols that there is no lack of material; the difficulty is rather in making the selection from so many. Appropriate songs may be found in the following books, besides many others from school journals and pamphlets of Christmas exercises:

"Songs and Games for Little Ones." Walker-Jenks. O. Ditson Co. \$2.00.

"Song Echoes from Childland." Rust-Jenks. O. Ditson Co. \$2.00.

"Kindergarten Chimes." Wiggin. O. Ditson Co. \$1.50.

"Songs for Little Children." Eleanor Smith. J. Church Co. Two vols.; Vol. I, \$1.00; Vol. II, \$1.30.

"Songs of the Child World." Gaynor. J. Church Co. Two vols. Each, \$1.00.

"Song Stories." Patty Hill. Summy Pub. Co. \$1.50.

Please order of the publishers in each case or of the nearest music dealer, as we cannot agree to supply.

SANTA CLAUS

A Monologue

By J. L. McClelland

Santa Claus

CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS, *who does nearly all the talking.*

A TALL MAN, *who talks back a little.*

THREE CHILDREN, *who are seen but not heard.*



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

PROPERTIES

The usual Christmas tree and the usual dress for Santa Claus, with very large watch and chain.

A box about five or six feet long, three feet wide, and three feet high, covered with cloth or paper, and ornamented to suit fancy. The box is surmounted by a hopper with opening wide enough to allow a man to sink through.

The box should be well back on the platform, with its side to the audience. One end should be connected with a covered door giving secret admission to box from another room, or from outside of building. The other end of the box should have a round opening large enough for a child of eight or ten years to crawl through. The box must be furnished with a crank, the turning of which creates a loud clattering noise by means of a ratchet or cog-wheel with a thin, tough hickory spring board working against the cogs on the inside of the box. Two piles of bricks, or of short pieces of two-inch lumber may be used on the inside, underneath the hopper, for the person to stand on who is to sink through and disappear—to be ground up. As he sways from side to side, lifting his feet alternately, bricks are removed, one at a time, by the secret assistant, and thus he gradually descends into the box while Santa turns the crank. When his feet rest on the floor, he will crouch gradually. Santa Claus may cause his final disappearance by pressing down his head.

A robe or cloth must be thrown over the machine to hide it from the audience until Santa Claus is ready to use it.

Santa Claus

The Christmas tree being ready, a loud voice is heard at an outside door, with jingling of bells. SANTA CLAUS enters and makes his way through the audience to the front.

SANTA CLAUS (*speaks*).

Glad to see you, my children,
Fathers and mothers and all.
Glad to see you so happy—
Pleased to make you a call.

My! What bright little faces!
O, what merry blue eyes!
But I see thousands of children,
So this isn't any surprise.

And you have often seen Santa —
I'm quite an old "chestnut," you know.
I live 'way up in the Arctic,
And wallow about in the snow.

I always eat for my breakfast
Twelve icicles fried in a pan.
For dinner, I swallow a snow-drift,
Mixed with a bushel of bran.

You see I am fat and hearty,
I seldom have colic or sorrow—
But O, my dears, how it grieves me
To think of your colics to-morrow!

My horse is only a reindeer,
'Bout twice the size of a calf.
My sleigh—O that's so funny
'Twould make you holler and laugh!

It's just piled full of candies,
And nuts and pop-corn too ; —
The kids of the North don't like 'em,
And so I bring them to you !

Of rattles and noisy playthings
There's several tons, I should say,
And the reindeer puffed and panted
As it tugged at the loaded sleigh.

I intended some gifts for an urchin
Who spied me as I rushed by,
But he yelled out : " Go it, old Frost Nose ! "
Shall I give him the things ? Not I !

I don't like impudent children.
If all the girls and boys
Would only be kind and respectful,
I'd bring them plenty of toys.

A fine thing to own is a reindeer,
And so is a top and a ball ;
But a boy, polite and manly,
Is away ahead of them all.

Ah, me !
Here's a tree,
Bright and gay as it can be,
Wreaths of snow around it twining,
Tiny sparkling stars are shining.
Branches bending to the floor,
With a hundred gifts or more.

Nuts and candy
Nice and handy !
O, my children, it's a dandy !
In your lifetime did you ever
See a sight so brave and clever !
Gifts in plenty now in sight.
Aren't you glad you came to-night ?
Give your parents some applause,
Most of all praise Santa Claus !

That's me !

Don't you see,
I'm as glad as I can be
Just to think I have the money
To make you all so gay and funny.

Now wait !

It's getting late. (*Looks at watch.*)
Bless me ! nearly half-past eight !
Now you want your Christmas toys—
Like to please the girls and boys !

(*Goes to tree and takes down packages.*)

Is little Minnie Mason ¹ handy ?
Here's a bag of fancy candy.
Here's a gift for Mary Brown ;
Mr. Smith will take it down
What fun !

Here's a gun ! (*Points it at a boy.*)
Shoot the boy and see him run !
This, for Mr. Lowell's son.
But O, say !

I can't delay !
For me to give these things away,
Would take all night and half the day !

I must have help !
Who'll volunteer ?
Merry Christmas doesn't last
The whole round year !
So, my friends, I say,
I must haste away,
Santa can't do everything,
So lend a hand, I pray.

(*A TALL MAN comes up from the audience.*)

Now here's a man might please a king.
You'd think he might do anything.
But he's too big !

He's too tall !
To carry merry Christmas gifts,
I'd rather have him small !

¹ Substitute local names in place of those above given.

Now how shall I manage,
And what shall I do?
I'm awfully bothered,
But that's nothing new
I have little trials
And troubles like you !

Now up in the land
Where the beautiful snow,
Envelops the meadows
And freezes your toe,
I'd settle this thing
In a jiffy, you know.

I'd call in a dozen
Most exquisite fairies,
With eyes shining bright
Like plump little berries,
And coats just as white
As the milk from your dairies.

And then there's another
Strange thing I would do ;
If one were too large,
Why, I'd chop him in two !

Now that's just it !
Though he's not fit,
He's plenty big enough for three,—
And that's the way it's going to be !

Three little Santa Clauses,
All robed in white !
Three little Santa Clauses
We'll have to-night !

Chop him up and grind him up,
And make him into pie !
Three little Santa Clauses
Make of him shall I.

(Repeat these four lines a second time with much spirit and action. SANTA CLAUS now uncovers the machine.)

SANTA CLAUS. Now, my good friend, will you do me the favor to climb up, nimbly, to the summit of my beautiful new machine?

TALL MAN. What for?

SANTA CLAUS. I want to grind you up and make little Santa Clauses of you.

TALL MAN. Will it hurt?

SANTA CLAUS. Not a bit. You'll just think you are going fast asleep. O you may cry out a little, and groan in your dreams, but that's nothing—that's natural. Come along. Don't keep us all waiting! Don't you see the children are in a hurry? Look! they're getting restless and the babies are about to cry!

TALL MAN. All right, Mr. Santa Claus, anything to please the children! But what will my wife say?

SANTA CLAUS. Never mind your wife—there are plenty more young men! I'll send her a lock of your hair. Come now, business before pleasure!

TALL MAN. All right. (*Climbs up and stands in hopper of machine.*) Good-bye, everybody!

(*At first throws kisses while SANTA CLAUS begins to turn the crank. Later, the TALL MAN, as he sinks down, show signs of pain, and makes outcry, groaning and crying out very loud at the last, when he has completely disappeared within the box. Meantime, SANTA CLAUS grinds vigorously, sometimes sitting, at other times standing, keeping at work for some time after the groans have ceased to be heard from the box. Then he stops and examines and raps on the box uneasily, turns again, stops and examines. Stands back and strikes an attitude.*)

SANTA CLAUS.

A terrible old machine is that!

Tom Jones contrived it, I'll bet my hat!

It ate up the man all right; but I fear,

The Santa Claus children will never appear!

Now what if it wasted that kind, good man!

If it has, I will smash the concern with my hand.

(SANTA CLAUS examines the machine again, gives it a turn, and pronounces it "all right." By this time the three children are in the box and ready to come out at the re-

quired time. After turning the crank rapidly for a minute or two, SANTA CLAUS stops, faces the audience, and repeats the following.)

Lickety split, you'll see him run !
Now there's going to be lots of fun !
Open your eyes for here goes one !

(Turns about and gives twelve turns of the crank, four to correspond with the jingle and measure of each line. During this noise, the FIRST CHILD crawls out of the box and runs across the platform and stands partly hidden by the Christmas tree.)

SANTA CLAUS *(stops and repeats).*
Hickety, kickety, kangaroo !
This is the way I grind them through !
Open your eyes for here goes two !

(Turns the crank as before, but this time the child doesn't come. SANTA is much surprised. Looks in the place of exit and cries out "stuck !" Takes a broom handle and stirs through the hopper, then seizes the crank and turns wildly, repeating the last rhyme at the same time. This succeeds in bringing out the SECOND CHILD who takes his place beside the first. SANTA CLAUS stops and repeats the following, keeping time with hands and feet.)

Hippity hop to the Christmas tree,
See if there isn't a gift for thee !
Open your eyes for here goes three !

(Turns while THIRD CHILD runs out.)

Now my task is nearly done.
Seems to me we've had some fun.
Hope you all shall live to see
Many a gorgeous Christmas tree.

(Sound of bells is heard.)

Now I hear the merry jingle
Of the bells upon the sleigh—
There are other worthy children,
I must leave you and away.

Little Fairies, give the boys
Presents from my Christmas tree
Give the babies lots of toys,
And kiss the pretty girls for me.

(Speaking to the children.)

Good-bye.—You must try
To be good till you and I
Meet again in next December,—(*Moving away.*)
Don't forget the good!—Remember!
(*Moving towards the door.*) December,
Remember,
December,
Remember. [*Exit.*

THE OFFERINGS OF THE YEAR

A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHILDREN,
ADAPTED TO SUNDAY SCHOOL
OR HOME USE

BY
CECILIA P. DENSLOW

THE OFFERINGS OF THE YEAR.

CHARACTERS.

HOPE.

JANUARY.

FEBRUARY.

MARCH.

APRIL.

MAY.

JUNE.

JULY.

AUGUST.

SEPTEMBER.

OCTOBER.

NOVEMBER.

DECEMBER.

For costumes, etc., see following pages.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

COSTUMES.

Wonders in the way of costumes may be accomplished with very simple materials. Bright colored paper muslin or cheese-cloth, or if possible canton flannel, for foundation, with gilt paper for gold, and strips of white canton flannel, inked in long spots for fur—ermine—and your performers are effectively dressed.

For Uncle Sam's coat it will be found easier to dip the stars in flour paste, and paste rather than sew them on. For the trousers, if broad red and white striped material is not at hand, it is easily made by tearing red and white cambric into two-inch strips and running it together again on the machine.

September's dress may be knee breeches with bright hose and low shoes, an ordinary boy's blouse, rather open at the throat, with flowing tie, a sash, and broad straw hat.

An effective head dress for the Indian girl is made of turkey feathers sewed to a strip of cloth about an inch or two in width, at distances of about four inches,—this strip is made long enough to go around the head like a coronet, and for the end to hang to the bottom of the frock, which should be short, and preferably of red and yellow, with plenty of beads.

If limited for time the Kings may be dressed in ordinary clothes with the addition of a long "fur" trimmed mantle and a gilt crown apiece, although of course a long robe of color contrasting to the mantle is more desirable.

THE CHARACTER OF HOPE.

The character of Hope should be assumed by a young lady of discretion who may be relied upon to set the children straight, and prompt them if necessary.

October, March, August and April, being the smallest children—especially April—it may be that their little recitations are inaudible to the audience, in which case Hope, after seating them, should repeat their speeches, with such slight alterations as may be necessary to put them in the third person as in the case of August :

Hot weather in August is always the rule,
So he stays by the seashore and tries to keep cool,
His small birthday offering—I have them you see
Are these pretty shells from the shore of the sea.

Or, as in the case of April :

She's too young yet to go to school,
So she's a little April fool,
Sometimes she'll laugh, sometimes she'll cry, etc.

When there is no tree, it is better for the children to march directly off the platform while singing the final carol.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS.

It adds a great deal to the entertainment if music can be played for the entrance of each month,—and when it is desirable, in cases when the foregoing forms the entire program for the evening, to lengthen it considerably, songs appropriate to the different months may be sung prior to the entrance of each, as “A Skating Song” for January, “Hail Washington” for February, “The Stormy Winds” for March, and so on, familiar and old-fashioned songs being used by preference.



THE OFFERINGS OF THE YEAR.

SCENE.—*The platform should be well lighted and tastefully trimmed with greens. Upon the wall, in the centre, is hung a large picture of the Christ Child. Underneath this is a small table covered with a cloth and decorated with greens. About midway of the platform, leaving room to pass behind and in front of them, are twelve chairs in a semicircle, decorated with greens or as taste and convenience may suggest. At a doorway, or whatever entrance there may be to the platform, is a large arch of greens, with the date of the new year above it in large red or gilt figures. After the singing of a carol by the audience, or other appropriate music, the door or curtain behind the arch opens and enter HOPE. HOPE should be personated by a young lady in a Greek gown of blue,—she wears a little coronet of gilt stars, and carries a large gilt anchor. She advances to the centre.*

HOPE. I am called Hope, a spirit bright,
The oldest of the sisters three
Sent to this earth mankind to cheer
With Faith and with sweet Charity.
When life seems dark and all forlorn,
When strength of mind and body fails
When burdens fall upon the heart
At which the bravest spirit quails—
Then come I with my starry crown,
The emblem bright of heavenly bliss,
And with my anchor, symbol true
Of help in stormy worlds like this.
Then hearts grow strong, the fainting rise
And lift their eyes to Heaven above,
And, blessed by Hope, no longer doubt
The fulness of a father's love.
Once, on a happy Christmas eve
The Hope of all the world was born—

[Turns and points to the picture.]

That holy Babe who came to show
 The coming of the Christian morn.—
 That glorious night so long ago,
 We come to-night to celebrate,
 To show in our poor way, our love
 For him we try to imitate.

[*She places her anchor above the picture of the Holy Babe, then crosses to the door or curtain framed by the arch of greens.*

The old year dies, his time is spent—

I hear the new year at the gate.

[*Listening.*

The months all clamor to come in—

Time drives them on—they cannot wait.

What birthday offerings do they bring?

I'll let them in, then we shall see.

[*Raising her voice as if calling,*

Come, January, happy month—

The month of hope—the month for me.

[*She opens the door, or draws the curtain and JANUARY enters. He is dressed in scarlet, trimmed with fur, wears a skating cap, and carries a branch of evergreen.*

JANUARY. I'm January, the bright and merry,

The Happy New Year I bring

I'm young and I'm strong and I hurry along

As swift as a bird on the wing.

I've come from the land of the never-has-been

Right into the land of to-be,

I'm full of good wishes and promises bright

And anxious the future to see.

I bring to you hope for the days coming on

And strength for the days that are here,

So welcome me gladly with laughter and song—

The hopefullest month of the year.

This evergreen branch on the altar I place,

[*He turns and places the branch on the draped table beneath the picture.*

A token it is, and a sign

Of the evergreen promise the dear Lord has given,

Beginning with this month of mine.

[*He sits in the first chair to the left of the audience.*

HOPE still stands by the door.

HOPE. Who's coming now? Why, a blustering fellow

With hail snow and ice, and with winds that loud
 bellow.

Shall we let him in too? yes, really I think so,

For, although he's savage, and makes us all shrink so

Yet Washington's birthday comes in with him yearly,
 So every good patriot *should* love him dearly.
 Come then, February, and try to be clever
 Don't freeze your good friends into icicles ever.

Enter FEBRUARY, a small boy dressed in Continental costume of blue and buff, and carrying a laurel wreath.

FEBRUARY. Good-evening, good friends, I'm afraid you don't like me,

But Washington did, so why shouldn't you, too?

I know I am rough but it doesn't quite strike me,

I'm ugly enough to be hated by you.

You all love George Washington, soldier, and hero,

So think of me kindly for his sake, I pray,

[Turns to picture.

And here, in his mem'ry, this laurel wreath dear—O!

Greater than Washington, humbly I lay.

[Lays wreath on altar and sits next to JANUARY. HOPE opens door and looks out, but closes it quickly again.

HOPE. My! how everything is blowing
 First it rains and then it's snowing
 Forty weathers in a minute—
 March has come, his hand is in it.
 Dust in March the proverb teaches,
 High as a king's ransom reaches,*
 For when dust has really come
 That's a sign the frost has gone.

[Opens the door again.

Come, then, noisy little fellow

With your peck of dust so yellow.

MARCH, *a small boy dressed as a farmer, in check shirt and overalls, and big straw hat, rushes in, puffing as if out of breath. He carries a peck measure containing fine sand, graham flour, or something of that nature, to simulate dust.*

MARCH. Whoo! what a blast!

I've hurried so fast

I'm quite out of breath as you see.

The winter is done,

And spring has begun,

And farmers are waiting for me.

I've nothing to bring

But dust of the spring,

But offer it freely I must

In mem'ry of one,

* NOTE.—“A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom.”

Our Father's dear Son,
 Who gloriously rose from the dust.
[He takes a handful of his "dust" and throws it high in the air, in a little cloud, then places the measure with the other offerings and sits next FEBRUARY. HOPE looks out.]

HOPE. Here comes a little girl, all laugh and song
 Who seems as happy as the day is long,
 Why no—dear me!—she's crying!—how is this?
 We'd rather see you smile, my little Miss.
 That's right! Oh, now she's laughing—come along,
 And sing for all these folks your little song.
 What! crying more? Oh, no, don't be afraid,
 Come, smile for us, sweet little April maid.

Enter APRIL, the tiniest girl possible, in a white frock profusely trimmed with green crêpe paper cut into a fringe, to resemble grass. She wears a tall dunce's cap and carries a bunch of grass.

APRIL. I'm too young yet to go to school,
 So I am a little April fool;—
 Sometimes I laugh, sometimes I cry,
 Though really, I can't tell you why.
 I am the baby of the Spring,
 Green grass is all that I can bring.

[HOPE seats her beside MARCH, and puts her bunch of grass on the altar.]

HOPE. The green grass springs upon the earth,
 Birds in the trees begin to sing,
 And everywhere glad sounds of mirth
 Proclaim the joyous reign of Spring.
 Sweet sounds are in the balmy air,
 The sun shines warm through all the day,
 She comes! she comes! The sweet, the fair,
 The ever-welcome month of May.

Enter MAY dressed in white lavishly trimmed with flowers. She wears a crown and carries a sceptre, personating a May Queen.

MAY. Make way for the Queen! Make way for the Queen!
 My crown and my sceptre all people obey.
 My court is the loveliest one ever seen,
 I rule there with splendor, tho' but for a day.
 The birds and the flowers all bow to my will,
 The fields blossom gaily to pleasure my eye,
 I bring the bright verdure to clothe vale and hill,
 The purest of blue do I bring for the sky.

I've come here to-night some sweet flowers to bring,
 The off ring they are of a glad, thankful heart,
 To twine 'round the picture of Jesus our King,
 In keeping His birthday to do my small part.

[*She detaches a long garland from her frock and twines it around the picture, then sits by* APRIL

HOPE. And now we see, advancing on her way,
 The elder sister of the smiling May.
 The month of balmy nights and sunny days,
 When one could be content to lie and laze,
 Beneath the brilliance of her happy smile
 Forgetting all our troubles for a while.
 Sweetest of summer months ; with joy we greet
 The welcome sound of her approaching feet.
 Her only fault is that she goes too soon,
 Come then, sweet month ! Come rosy month of June !

*Enter JUNE dressed in pink, trimmed with roses and foliage.
 She wears a chaplet of pink roses.*

JUNE. I also am a queen, the queen of flowers,
 Pink, red and white, my subjects bloom so fair,
 And yellow too, to deck the summer bowers,
 And fill with sweetness all the summer air.
 Rose is my name, and roses are my crown,
 The crown that I surrender freely here,
 In mem'ry of the crown of thorns, pressed down
 Upon the forehead of our Saviour dear.

[*She removes her crown and places it with the other offerings, and sits beside MAY. HOPE starts towards the door, but a loud noise of shouting, stamping and banging outside makes her retire hastily to the front of the stage, she looks around inquiringly. The noise ceases for a while for HOPE to speak.*

HOPE. Oh, my ! what a racket ! what's that, that I hear ?
 Dear me ! why I'm almost inclined to feel fear.
 If only I dared, I'd peep out there and see
 What all the commotion can possibly be.

[*The noise starts again.*

I'll do it ! [*She advances and peeps out the door.*

Hurrah !

[*The noise gradually subsides so HOPE can be heard.*

Why, it's only July,
 He's thinking of seventy-six, and that's why
 He's been laughing and shouting and jumping about,
 Till he fairly has turned the whole place inside out.
 Come, Independence month, haste and draw nigh,
 All good Americans love you, July.

JULY *marches briskly in to the tune of Yankee Doodle played by someone on the piano. He is dressed as a miniature Uncle Sam, and carries a flag.*

JULY. Phew ! but I'm warm, some one give me a fan,
 Some ice water, too, wouldn't taste very bad.
 Well, summer has come, and tho' some folks complain,
 Vacation's here too, and the children are glad.
 Hurrah for the holidays, then give three cheers
 For Fourth of July, the great day of them all.
 Let cannons boom loudly in every one's ears
 For America's rise, and for slavery's fall.

[He turns to the other months.

Hurrah for the flag now !

[All the other months together.

Hurrah ! hip ! hurrah !

[To audience again.

The flag of our Union, our glory, our all

[He raises it on high.

July gives the flag, he can offer no more

For His love, without whom flag and country would fall.

[He drapes his flag across the altar and sits by JUNE. A gentle knock is heard at the door. HOPE listens ; it is repeated louder ; she hastens to open the door.

HOPE. Here's a little sailor boy
 Knocking gently at the gate,
 Why it's August, I declare,
 Out of breath for fear he's late.
 No, my dear, you're quite in time,
 July just has gone before.
 You look warm, I know you are,
 Tho' you come from off the shore.

As she speaks the last two lines she leads AUGUST to the front of the platform. He is dressed in a sailor suit, and carries a basket of sea-shells.

AUGUST. Hot weather in August is always the rule,
 So I stay by the seashore and try to keep cool,
 My small birthday offerings—take them for me —
[He hands shells to HOPE.

Are these pretty shells from the shores of the sea.

[HOPE seats him by JULY and puts shells on altar.

HOPE. Now a cooler breeze is blowing
 All around,
 And the grain that has been growing
 Is on the ground.
 Soon our winter stores we'll gather
 From the fields,

Thanking our most bounteous father
 For the yields.
 Now September walks o'er hill and meadow,
 As he comes
 We begin to feel the winter's shadow
 On our homes.
 Come September ! bring o'erflowing measure
 Here to-night ;
 Bring the plenteous golden harvest treasure,
 Grain so bright.

Enter SEPTEMBER, in fancy peasant costume, with a wreath of poppies round his broad-brimmed hat. He carries a sheaf of grain and a sickle.

SEPTEMBER. I am September—when I walk the earth
 From all around are heard glad sounds of mirth,
 For now we harvest in the ripened grain,
 Until our empty barns are full again.
 The sun and I are friends, still warm he shines
 Upon the bending trees and teeming vines,
 And, like the sun, I come mankind to bless
 With the rich promise of earth's fruitfulness.
 My birthday offering is this golden sheaf,
 Twill bring to starving bodies quick relief.
 But think of starving souls, oh friends, so dear !
 And gather in Christ's harvest, year by year.
 [*Places sheaf on altar and sits by* AUGUST.]

HOPE. October brings the Indian summer days
 When o'er the fields is spread a tender haze,
 And once again we feel the sun's warm heat
 Where summer tarries yet with lingering feet.
 The apples drop upon the cushioned sod,
 A cool breeze rustles in the golden rod,
 Beneath the trees, each gay in Autumn suit
 October, come ! Come month of ripened fruit.

OCTOBER enters, a little girl in brown frock trimmed with autumn leaves (bright colored paper) and carrying a horn of plenty, or basket filled with fruit.

OCTOBER. October brings the fruits of all the fall,
 Apples and nuts and pears,—and more than all
 I bring the purple grapes that made the wine
 For the last supper of our Lord divine.

[*HOPE puts fruit on altar and seats*
 OCTOBER *by* SEPTEMBER.]

HOPE. Here's a little Indian maiden
 With a yellow pumpkin laden,

She's a mem'ry of the old times,
 Those heroic days, the bold times,
 When the wild, untutored savage
 Used New England towns to ravage
 In his ignorance and blindness,
 Until tamed, and taught by kindness,
 Red and white men joined, in giving
 To the Lord praise and thanksgiving.
 Those were men of might and daring,
 What they wrought, we now are sharing,—
 Those were days of toil and trouble,
 What they sowed we reap in double,
 All this thankfully remember
 When you see her. Come, November !

Enter NOVEMBER, dressed as an Indian girl, carrying an immense pumpkin.

NOVEMBER. The harvest is gathered, the people are gay,
 The fruits and the nuts are stored safely away,
 November comes in with her great day of praise,
 And thanks to our bountiful father we raise.
 With hands that are willing, and heart that is light,
 Thanksgiving here offers this pumpkin so bright,
 As pledge of good fellowship, mirth and good cheer,
 The one festal day of the Puritan's year.
 Our best thanks we offer for yield of the ground
 And all of the blessings that yearly abound,
 But most do we thank our dear Father above
 For the gift of our Lord Jesus Christ and His love.

[NOVEMBER *may put her pumpkin on the floor during her speech ; she then places it by the altar and sits by the side of OCTOBER.*

HOPE. Now softly falls the pure white snow,
 The world is draped in spotless white
 To greet December as she comes,
 The month of the most holy night.
 Month of the hopes of all the year,
 Month of the birthday of our Lord,
 Who in a lowly manger lay,
 A tiny babe, and yet adored.

If possible have a singer sing Adam's "Noel"—Christmas song. As it closes enter DECEMBER, dressed as night, in black with veil spangled with silver stars, and one large gilt star in her hair.

DECEMBER. I am the dark December night,
 When shepherds watching on the plain

Beheld the skies with glory bright,
 While angels sang "good will to men."
 God gave that night a gift to man,
 That grows in splendor year by year,
 Its glory yet the world shall span,
 And Christ to every heart be dear.
 Three Kings I bring to celebrate
 The coming of the Christian year,
 The holy night of Bethlehem,
 The birthday of our Lord so dear.

HOPE *stands by the altar. DECEMBER goes to the door and opens it. Enter the "THREE KINGS OF ORIENT," led by DECEMBER, the three singing the old carol.*

THE KINGS. We, Three Kings of Orient are
 Bearing gifts, we traverse afar,
 Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
 Following yonder star.

[All on stage join in the chorus.]

CHORUS. Star of wonder, star of night,
 Star with royal beauty bright,
 Westward leading, still proceeding,
 Guide us to thy perfect light.

Hallelujah, amen.

Hallelujah, amen.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

[DECEMBER seats herself by NOVEMBER; the THREE KINGS stand at front of platform.]

FIRST KING. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
 Gold I bring to crown him again,
 King forever, ceasing never
 Over us all to reign.

[As they all sing "Star of Wonder," etc., FIRST KING passes to altar and places there the gilt crown, which he carries on a small cushion.]

SECOND KING. Frankincense to offer have I,
 Incense owns a deity nigh;
 Prayers and praising all men raising,
 Worship him, God on high.

(Chorus.)

[During chorus SECOND KING places a small gilt box which he carries, on the altar, and stands with FIRST KING directly behind the months.]

THIRD KING. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
 Breathes a scent of gathering gloom,

Fainting, sighing, bleeding, dying,
 Sealed in the stone cold tomb.
 (*Chorus.*)

[THIRD KING *places small gilt urn or bottle with other gifts and stands by other* KINGS.

HOPE. The tale is told, the gifts of all the year
 Lie heaped in plenty on the altar here,
 Where every month has brought its choicest part
 To show a loving and a thankful heart.
 As God once gave his dearest gift to man,
 So now we all will do the best we can,
 Each giving to the other what he may
 In memory of the first great Christmas day.* (*See below.*)
 Behold this noble tree, its varied fruit
 We trust will everybody's fancy suit,
 But ere we strip it, once more join with me
 And sing a merry carol blithe and free.

[*All join in first verse of some joyful carol. At beginning of second verse HOPE marches from centre of back to her right, followed by the THREE KINGS; they turn the corner by JANUARY and march in a circle once round the chairs. As they pass JANUARY he rises and follows; FEBRUARY rises and follows, and so on until all are marching in a circle round the platform to the music of the carol, all still singing. At the close all may march off, or they may form in line at back of stage and assist in the distribution of gifts from the tree. If there is no tree, start the final carol at *.*

CHRISTMAS CAPERS

A Christmas Play in One Act

BY

MRS. CHAS. F. FERNALD

CHRISTMAS CAPERS.

CHARACTERS.

STRANGER (PAPA).

MOTHER.

HARRY.

TOTTIE.

SANTA CLAUS.

MERCURY.

ZERO.

MINER.

NEREID.

Christmas Eve.

SCENE. — *A poorly furnished room; no fire. Mother sewing. Harry and Tottie playing. Santa Claus is seen peeping in behind window, if possible, or side door or wing will answer. Two little stockings hang from the fireplace.*

Harry. Mamma! I'spect Santa Claus will bring me, oh! ever such a big horse to-night; if I see him coming in I won't say a word, but I shall keep both of my eyes wide open. Don't you think he will, mamma?

Mother [sadly] No, dear, I'm afraid he will not think of you to-night. Santa Claus likes to go where people have plenty of money. [*Santa Claus shakes his head reproachfully.*] You know I have very little now, Harry, almost none.

Harry. Why, Santa Claus need n't be mean about a horse, mamma! it is only made of wood, with a skin on it. It don't take much money.

Tottie. Mamma, I want a great, large doll, so big [*measures with hands*], with long curls, and a sunshade and boots and a hat. Won't he bring it, mamma?

Mother. No, darling, I'm afraid not. If mamma had enough money, she would buy Tottie a dolly and Harry a horse; but mamma has only enough to buy some bread and a little butter for dinner to-morrow, and we must have something to eat. [*Aside.*] Though I can't see where our next day's food is coming from. But I must trust and hope for the best.

Harry. When papa was here we had lots of toys, and plenty to eat. When do you think he will come home, mamma?

Mother [*weeps*]. O Harry, dear, I wish I could tell! What shall we do if he *never* comes?

Harry. O mamma, he will come, I know he will; don't cry, mamma dear! we'll be very good; and I don't care *much* about the horse, — they're only wood! Don't cry, mamma!

Tottie. No, mamma, please don't cry! I know papa will come, and I know Santa Claus will bring me a nice dolly. [*Santa Claus nods repeatedly.*] I'm sure he will.

Mother. I hope he will, darling! but now you must go to bed, as I have to take home this work, or we shall not have even bread and butter for dinner to-morrow.

[*They embrace, and children retire, throwing kisses to mother, who smiles and nods.*]

Mother [*weeps violently*]. Will he ever come back? I cannot endure this much longer! [*Santa Claus wipes*

eyes and blows nose violently.] Hark! what's that? I thought I heard a noise. I'm growing so nervous, so weak, I fear I shall be — No, I'll try not to fear; I shall be taken care of, and my little darlings too. Ah, I care much more for them than for myself. Christmas eve, and not a single thing to put in the little empty stockings, poor darlings! Is there no way of getting something for them? [*Santa Claus nods violently.*] I will see. [*Counts money.*] Only fifteen cents! But I ought to have twenty-five cents for making that wrapper! No, that will not more than keep us in food for two days, and the poor little things must do without Santa Claus this year. [*Santa Claus shakes head decidedly.*] Now I must go and hurry back. I don't like to leave them alone. [*Puts on old shawl and hat.*] Oh, how cold the wind is to-night!

[*Exit. Heavy knock at door, repeated two or three times; enter Stranger, dressed in warm, handsome clothes; carries large bag and valise; looks around.*]

Stranger. Will you be kind enough to — What! no one in, and the door not fastened? I'll wait awhile. [*Sits; places a bag on each side, carefully.*] Hope I'm not intruding; I'm very tired; perhaps some one will come.

[*Enter Mercury; runs across the stage, very fast; turns to run back.*]

Mercury. Oh, I'm in the wrong place!

[*Stranger intercepts him; they dodge several times; Stranger chases him around the stage; catches him.*]

Stran. Hullo, young man, you seem to be in a great hurry; but I want you to tell me where Mrs. —

Mer. Can't do it sir. [*Starts away and runs.*]

Stran. Yes ; but you must, though, if you can. What are you in such a hurry for?

Mer. [*about to run*]. Why, you see Santa Claus has an order, — an extra one, — and it's quite late ; so don't keep me. [*Starts off ; Stranger catches him.*]

Stran. What's that to you?

Mer. Not much, to be sure ; but what he does want, he wants in a hurry. I am just going to step over to Mt. Lebanon to get a cedar-tree to make the body with.

Stran. The body? What body?

Mer. Why, of the horse, to be sure, for the order, — the extra order ; and it has to be a first-rate, A No. 1 kind, because the poor little boy's father is away, and his mother has no money to buy him one ; so let me go. [*Tries to run.*]

Stran. Just tell me what little boy it is for, and I will let you go.

Mer. But I can't, you know ; I have n't time. I am the fleetest messenger, and it is all to be done by midnight. I must run or fly for the cedar-tree ; then pop over to India for Miss Doll's petticoats ; to Africa for sand to make her eyes and some for the horse, and ivory for her teeth and the parasol handle ; then jump over to France for silks — oh, several kinds, for different little toggeries — for the doll, I mean, not for the horse. I sha'n't be long after you let me start. I take my horse Locomotive to the ocean, where Capt. Nemo, of the ship "Nautilus," is waiting for me ; so good by, now, I shall be back before you can say — [*Runs off very fast.*]

Stran. [*loudly*]. Just tell me — Oh, dear, he's off and never told —

Enter Zero [runs in long strides across stage; turns back]. Oh, I'm in the wrong place.

Stran. [intercepts him]. Will you please tell me where Mrs. —

Zero. Oh, I can't. You'd better not touch me, or I may nip your fingers and toes.

Stran. But just tell me —

Zero. Oh, I can't — can't stop. You see Santa Claus has an order, — an extra order, — and he has sent me to the north pole to get a few skins, reindeer skins, to cover it with. I'll find them in Lapland. And I have to get some sealskins for the dolly's furs, and some leather from Russia, for stirrups and reins, — you know that's extra fine leather, — and while I am there I want to start a real old-fashioned snow-storm. Christmas is n't much without a snow-storm for the little chaps, — with their new sleds, you know, — and that needs a good north wind; so I must be off and set it blowing, or the south wind may get the best of me and send rain: and who wants rain on Christmas day? So good by. I go by telegraph, and the wires are splendidly frozen. I sha'n't be long; the horse and doll must be finished by midnight. [*Runs off in long strides.*]

Stran. Now he's gone, and never told me where to find my dear —

[*Enter Miner. Runs fast across stage; turns to run back.*]

Miner. Oh! I'm in the wrong place.

Stran. [intercepts him]. Now, don't you be in such a hurry; but be kind enough to tell me where —

Miner. Couldn't think of it; and besides, I never heard of the name in my life. I'm in a tremendous

hurry. [*Runs a few steps; Stranger intercepts him; they struggle.*] Don't you understand? Santa Claus has an order, — an *extra* order. I'm one of his messengers, and I've to go down more than five hundred feet in the earth and back before midnight, or else Harry can't have his horse, you know; so be reasonable and let a fellow go, can't you?

Stran. Harry! Did you say Harry? Oh, do tell me what his other name —

Miner. Don't I tell you I can't stop? My pneumatic car won't wait twenty seconds for one passenger. Then I've to find metals to make springs, nails, parts of stirrups, and lots of other things, and if I don't get there in time for the next puff I shall be too late; so here goes, and *I* go.

[*Runs off very fast.*]

Stran. Now he's gone, and never told me where to find my dear —

[*Enter Nereid. Skips and dances across stage lightly, but nimbly; turns to exit.*]

Ner. Oh! I'm in the wrong place.

[*Stranger intercepts her.*]

Stran. Good little lady, or fairy, or whatever you are! Will you be kind enough to tell me where Mrs. —

Ner. No, sir; indeed, I'm very busy. I haven't time for talking, for Santa Claus has an order, — an extra order, — and I am one of his messengers; so you see if the horse and doll are not ready by midnight, the little boy and — oh, such a *dear* little girl will be so terribly disappointed, because their father is away, and their mother is very poor, and they'll

have nothing else : so I must float right away down to the sea.

Stran. Down to the *what*?

Ner. To the *sea*, sir, — the lovely Mediterranean, — to find pearls for dolly's necklace. It won't take long : my balloon is at the door. When I have found the pearls, I'll jump again into my pretty, fluttering balloon, which will carry me to the ocean, where my whale is waiting. [*Looks at watch.*] Yes, he has been waiting five tenths of a second for me ; he will be vexed, and put on airs. I can tell you, sir, to ride on an airy whale is no easy matter, if —

Stran. Why, what in the world do you want to ride a whale for?

Ner. [*surprised*]. Why, how else can I find pearls and corals for dolly's set of jewelry, or whalebone to make the frame of her parasol? My whale knows just how to find the coast where the dead whales' heads float, and all I have to do is to go inside one of their dead mouths and find lots and lots of whalebone. Why, once I counted three hundred pieces in one of them ! We must have a parasol, because Tottie, the darling, said particularly that —

Stran. Tottie? Tottie who? What is her last —

Ner. Not one word more ; I must go. [*Dances off.*]

Stran. Now she's gone, and never told me where —
[*Enter Mercury.*]

Mer. [*slowly, sadly, covers face, and cries aloud*].
Boo, hoo ! boo, hoo !

Stran. Hullo there, young man ! what's the matter ? Are you making that noise because you had only to go

to Africa and a few other villages not so very far away? What is the matter?

Mer. Boo, hoo! Capt. Nemo's been and gone without me! If it had n't been that you kept me here so long, he would have waited a half-second longer. What will Santa Claus say — boo, hoo! — and the poor little children? Oh, dear, I do feel so bad! [*Weeps.*]

Stran. I'm truly sorry, my dear fellow, to be the cause of your disappointment. But wipe your eyes and let us see if we can find anything in this bag which will do instead. [*Opens bag; they both sit.*] Did n't you say you wanted silk? [*Draws out pretty silk.*] And India muslin? [*Draws out muslin.*] And sand for eyes? look at these eyes. [*Takes up box of glass eyes.*] And ivory? here is plenty, and nice ivory too. [*Shows it.*] I know where to get the nicest log of cedar you ever saw; so don't worry.

Mer. [*dances about stage, hugs, drops, and picks up things, etc.*]. Worry? no, indeed, never again. Oh, I am so glad, so very much obliged to you, sir. Oh, won't Santa Claus and those little fellows be delighted? He told me to heap them here. [*Drops things carefully back centre stage.*] By the way, didn't you want to know about some one, and I was in such a hur —

[*Enter Zero.*]

Zero [*tramps about stage angrily, shakes fist at Stranger, scowls at him*]. All his fault; he'd no business to stop me.

Stran. What's the matter with you, Mr. Frostiness: couldn't you catch the north wind, or find the north pole in time for a snow-storm? Hope you are not cold.

Zero. Wish I was colder ; wish I was an icicle ; then I would not melt — cry, I mean. [*Cries loud and angrily.*] The south wind *did* get the best of me, for the rain thawed the wires before I had gone five or six hundred miles, and I could n't go fast enough, and here I am without a thing that Santa Claus wants for Christmas. Boo, hoo, hoo !

[*Mercury whispers to him, points to Stranger and things from bag. Zero suddenly stops weeping, and they talk in pantomime for a while.*]

Stran. See here, Mr. Frostiness, I hope that no coolness will exist between us on account of my detaining you. I am very sorry. Just step here a moment : although I know there is no snow-storm, there may be something in my bag you will like. What do you think of this ? [*Holds up large, handsome skin.*] And this ? [*Shows sealskins, reins, etc.*] Will these, think you, do for your good master, Santa Claus ?

[*Zero jumps about in delight, puts things back of stage with others, attempts to embrace Stranger.*]

Stran. All right, sir ; I don't mind clear coldness, but object to mistiness. [*They embrace.*] If you had only told me what I wanted to know, I could have told you what I had here, instead of your flying off thousands of miles to get what lay at your feet. But who is this ? Oh, poor Mr. Miner ! He too does not look excessively happy.

[*Enter Miner ; face wet and very black ; digs eyes with dirty fists ; weeps.*]

Miner. Oh, dear me ! Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear ! Oh, oh, oh, oh !

Stran. Well, well, my man ! you too in trouble ?

Could n't you find your metals and things? You are not hurt, are you?

Miner. Yes, awfully!

All. Oh, where, where?

Miner. In — my — feelings!

Stran. Oh, never mind your feelings, — 't is like a baby to cry for that; not like a great, strong fellow, as you are!

Miner. I'm thinking of the two babies who will cry to-morrow when their horse and doll don't come! Oh, dear, dear!

Mer. [*whispers. Same pantomime as before*]. Ask him.

[*Points to Stranger.*]

Stran. No, he need n't ask me. See here, Mr. Metal, see if we can find what you want, as well as if you went down a shaft several hundred feet?

[*Takes out brass-headed nails, springs, large and small stirrups, etc. Miner dances about.*]

Miner. I say, sir, you are the jolliest man I ever saw in my life! and that you have saved me from misery! and these lovely things, all ready to use right off! Oh, I never can thank you enough! and Harry will too, when —

[*Enter Nereid, enveloped in large white shawl thrown over head; comes in slowly, head bowed, walks all round stage in silence.*]

Ner. Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear!

Stran. Well, here is another Oh, dear!

[*Mercury follows her on tiptoe; tries to see her face, which is covered.*]

Mer. Why, it is Nereid! Poor Nereid! What's the matter, Nereid?

[*She shakes head silently.*]

Stran. What is your trouble, little mermaid? You seem to be under a cloud. Was the whale airy? Did he refuse to take you under the sea?

Ner. [*sadly*]. Yes, dreadfully airy, and so vexed because I did not get there sooner! and just as soon as ever I jumped on his back and told him where to go, he spouted at me so unkindly, and said so many real mean things, and whisked his tail so angrily, that I told him I would leave him. [*Weeps.*] Then he spouted more unkindly than before, and said he didn't care if he never should see me again! So I came back. What will Santa Claus and those poor little things — dear little Tottie — do now?

[*Weeps. Mercury whispers to her. Same pantomime as before.*]

Stran. Dear little Miss Mermaid, don't cry any more; you'll spoil your merry blue eyes. Come here, little fairy, and see what this bag has in it. Perhaps your eyes may shine instead of weep. Will this be of any service, little Undine?

[*Takes out doll, doll's sunshade, strings of pearls, coral, various kinds of beads, and things for doll's wardrobe. Nereid throws away shawl, catches the things, and waltzes around the stage holding beads in graceful attitudes.*]

Ner. Oh, you beauties, you perfectly lovely darlings! Won't Tottie be delighted? [*Stops at Stranger and kneels before him.*] Oh, sir! how shall I thank you for giving me all these lovely things for —

Stran. By telling me the names of Harry's and Tottie's mother.

Ner. I will most gladly, but not to-night. Wait till to-morrow morning at six o'clock. If you will be here then, you shall know all you will. [*Rises.*] May I kiss you for bringing all these pretty things for Tot-tie?

[*Kisses him.*]

Stran. I know you will keep your promise. At six I will be here. Good by till six. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Santa Claus.*]

S. C. Well done, well done, my fine fellows! Drag in the log, Mercury! let's begin at once. Miner, shape the horse; Zero, fit the skin; Mercury, put on mane and tail; while I fit the eyes. [*All fall to work busily.*] I see little Nereid knows what to do. [*Nereid displays patterns, doll's garments; cuts silk, etc.*] Do it all first-class, boys; no shirk work about this. This job must be A No. 1.

All. Ay, ay, sir; that it shall.

S. C. Christmas only comes once a year, and we must follow the Golden Rule, sure, this day of all days. We do what we can to make other people happy, especially the little ones, the dear little children. Why, it makes me feel so happy to think how glad they'll be [*rubs hands and laughs*] when they all wake to-morrow! Now tell me honestly, every one, is there anything that makes you as happy as trying to give happiness to others?

All. No, sir; nothing, nothing at all.

[*Curtain falls slowly, all working fast. When curtain rises, are seen near centre stage a fine, large spring or rocking horse, large, handsome doll standing with hat on, sunshade open, trunk, articles belonging to wardrobe*

displayed. If a fire and breakfast-table and Christmas tree could be added, it would greatly help the effect.]

[Enter Stranger.]

Stran. She said six o'clock; it is not quite six, but oh, it seems so long to wait! I have n't slept at all. I wish she would — *[Sees the toys.]* Oh, then they made them after all. How handsome they are! I wonder *[sighs]* if *my* little darlings will have any toys? Oh, where *can* they be? Perhaps suffering with their poor mother for food, while I have plenty, — plenty of money for them if I could only find — *[Starts.]*

[Enter Mother.]

Mother *[does not see Stranger or toys]*. Christmas day. Oh, *what* a Christmas day! Out till nearly midnight, and could not get a cent for my work. Are we to — must we — starve? My — *[Perceives Stranger.]*

Stran. Never! *[Rushes to and embraces her.]* Never, my wife, my own dear wife!

Mother. Oh, my husband! Is it *really* you? Have you come at last?

[Santa Claus and all come quietly in and group about the toys. Look very happy and full of joy.]

[Enter Harry.]

Harry. Mamma, mamma it's Christmas! *[Stops on seeing Stranger, who rushes forward, clasps and brings him front in his arms; kisses him.]* Are you my papa? did Santa Claus bring you back?

Mother. No, darling, Santa Claus is very good, but he could not bring dear papa back; it was some one even much better than Santa Claus.

[All bow heads and remain silent for a few moments. Enter Tottie.]

Tottie. Mamma, mamma, did my dolly come, mamma? [*Stops; looks at Papa.*] Who's that; is it my dear papa? [*Stranger clasps her fondly and kisses her.*] Papa, did you tell Mr. Santa Claus to bring me a great big doll?

S. C. Hum! [*They all turn and look; children scream with delight and rush at toys. Harry mounts horse, Tottie hugs and kisses doll and looks at wardrobe.*] No, my dear, you told me your own little self. I heard you and Harry wishing for them last night, and these little people round me have done all they could to make you happy.

Nereid, Mercury, Zero, and Miner. But we could n't have done it if the Papa had not given us the things. We were all too late to get them ourselves.

Mercury. Yes, we were flying all over creation for things which lay here at our feet.

Stranger. But it's all right now, and all, I trust, will have a "Merry Christmas."

All. Yes, all, all have a "Merry Christmas."

Mer. Yes, a merry Christmas to all!
Although my steed, whose fiery breath and voice of
steam, oh,

Took me, with lightning speed of locomotion.
Full twenty thousand leagues was Captain Nemo
Beneath the sea, ere I could reach the ocean.

Zero.

And though I travelled fifty miles a minute
To catch old Boreas, with speed telegraphic,
Lost him, but found this bag, with all things in it,
Except my storm of snow, which can't be bought
as traffic.

Miner.

In my pneumatic car I should have flown down,
If Zero had to business well attended ;
To travel south a north wind must be blown down.
But things are all O. K., and no one is offended.

Ner.

And I don't mind if my old whale was airy,
While Tottie's diamond eyes with joy are dancing ;
May pearly gems of love surround the fairy,
And weave a golden crown while life's advancing.

[*Embraces Tottie.*]

Papa.

Good Santa Claus, and these your helpers willing,
Who pass no door where poverty is pressing,
While love and thanks to you our hearts are filling,
May every Christmas day bring you a blessing.

Mother.

Forgive me, Santa Claus ; I thought no other
Would think of my dear babes but their poor mother ;
I often did forget the sun was shining, —
That every cloud must have a silver lining.

Santa Claus [to audience].

Dear friends, I wish you all large share of earthly bliss,
And hope each Christmas day will ever bring —

Harry. A nice, large horse like this.

[All join hands and dance round children; Harry on horseback, Tottie hugging her doll on a high seat.]

Curtain.

RETURN OF MOTHER GOOSE

A Christmas Play in Two Scenes

BY

OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON

RETURN OF MOTHER GOOSE.

CHARACTERS:

MOTHER GOOSE	HUBBARD
SANTA CLAUS	BO-PEEP
MR. SPRAT, MRS. SPRAT	NAN
JACK	JILL
TOMMY TUCKER	CHORUS
MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY	
FIDO *	

COSTUMES:

Mother Goose. — The quaint quilted under-dress with high-looped over-dress ; large bowed slippers, peaked hat, frilled cap, spectacles, and cane.

Hubbard. — The same dress, with the cape and hood, that have become established styles in Mother Hubbards.

The children all wear exaggerated æsthetic dresses, until the last part of the second act, when they return to the dress found in the old Mother Goose editions.

Jill wears calico dress, long-sleeved white apron, and cap, all through the play. Nan is dressed likewise, only all in white.

Santa Claus. — A dress trimmed with fur. Paper cut fine makes excellent snow, to throw in the door, as he comes in, as if the wind blew the snow after him. Flour sprinkled over his shoulder. Carries a long whip.

* Fido, if a well behaved dog is not to be procured, need not appear, but may only be referred to by Mother Hubbard.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Curtain rises to the tune of "A B C," played quickly. Discovers Mother Goose writing, with a large quill pen, from a very large inkstand. Manuscripts of her melodies lie around on the table. Everything in the room should be as quaint as possible. Mother Hubbard sits knitting at a short distance.*

Mother G. There! [*folding an immense sheet of paper*] I have penned a letter, of most tender length, to my dear children, telling them of my intended visit, and how I hope to make their Christmas a happy one. Life is so short, Mother Hubbard, that I may as well give up my project of re-issuing my works for this year, and make my children happy. It has been years since I have seen them.

Hubbard. Dear madame, you are self-sacrificing to a fault. Only this morning I remarked to Fido that if we *all* had such hearts as yours, there would be a chance for "every dog to have his day."

Mother G. And what said good Fido?

Hubbard. He smiled his happy smile, ate his breakfast, wagging his tail in glad assent. Oh! he is a most intelligent creature.

Mother G. He is indeed. And now I must find a messenger by whom I can send this letter. How delighted the children will be!

Hubbard. Might I venture to suggest that Santa Claus, who is on his yearly round of visits, to discover the well behaved children, might prove a willing aid.

Mother G. To be sure! Hubbard, you are a treasure.

Hubbard. Nay, I am but your humble maid, whom you have memorized in immortal verse. Fido is a treasure.

Mother G. But Fido could not help me as you can. Let us now call Santa Claus to our aid.

[*Mother Hubbard brings a string of small sleigh-bells, and they sing to the "A B C," as follows:—*]

I.

Mother G.

Santa Claus, upon your rounds,

Hubbard [ringing].

We greet you with these merry sounds.

Mother G.

Prithee tarry at our call,

Hubbard.

Make the children happy all,

Together.

Chiming, chiming, merry bells,
How each note of joy foretells
As in cadence sweet it swells,
Merry, merry Christmas bells.

II.

Mother G.

Every heart shall merry be,
In the sound of revelry.

Hubbard.

And each child will gladly greet
The day with joy and dancing feet.

Together.

List! the chiming, merry bells,
How the sound all joy foretells,
And all woe and grief dispels
Merry, merry Christmas bells.

[*Santa Claus' bells are heard far away as the song ends. They approach nearer and nearer. Then Santa Claus is heard to exclaim:—*

[*“Whoa — whoa! — Dancer, Prancer! Whoa, Dunder and Blitzen!”*]

[*Enter Santa Claus merrily.*]

Santa Claus. Ladies, at your service! Here I am. I've skimmed five chimney-tops, and disturbed ten cat concerts, to reach you to-night, and must hasten back again. Be so good as to remember I have three thousand four hundred and fifty-nine children to look after yet.

Mother G. Always merry, Mr. Santa Claus, and always welcome!

Santa. Thank you, Mother. Well, Hubbard, how wags the world with you? And Fido? that remarkable dog!

Hubbard. Fido's tail wags as usual, Mr. Claus, if that is what you mean, although he had a slight touch of rheumatism in the third joint about six weeks ago.

Santa. Indeed! and what did you do for it?

Hubbard. It was indeed a sad time for us, but we bandaged it in flannel, and it is now well again. He is such a remarkable dog! Only yesterday, on my approach to the cupboard —

Mother G. Another time, Hubbard, we have heard

that so often. Fido has had his day. Let me make known my request to Santa Claus.

Hubbard. Certainly, madame. [*Aside to Santa*] I'll tell you the rest presently. It is most remarkable!

Santa. And now, Mother G., what is your request? I have about two hundred counties to visit yet, to provide children with potatoes, switches, and goodies.

Mother G. I want you, friend Santa, to take this letter to my children. I have decided to spend my Christmas with them; Mother Hubbard and I, with due deference to a kind Providence, will start —

Hubbard [*anxiously*]. And Fido?

Mother G. Fiddlesticks! Hubbard, let us banish Fido from the conference.

Hubbard [*aside*]. She does not appreciate him. [*Sobs in her apron.*]

Mother G. We shall start so as to arrive Christmas eve, in time to make glad preparations for the eventful day.

Santa. I shall be but too happy to be your messenger. But have you considered well the undertaking? — gravely, I fear I must prepare you for a disappointment.

Mother G. Ah! how so? Hubbard, come hither. What! weeping? How is this?

Hubbard. Oh! to see Fido, the faithful, the confiding, so little appreciated wrings my heart.

Mother G. Oh! Hubbard, you lead me a dog's life, with continual harping upon Fido, his merits being partially the creation of my own brain. For

had I not immortalized him in versè, probably you never would have so exaggerated his virtue.

Hubbard [sobbing]. Y-y-o-u said fid-dle-sticks!

Mother. I am sincerely sorry, Hubbard! forget it!

Hubbard. And wanted him left —

Mother. Out of the conversation! Fido shall go with us, surely. Dry your tears.

Hubbard. Thank ye! Thank you!

Mother. Enough! Santa Claus, proceed at once! Tell us why disappointment awaits us?

Santa. It has been many years, madame, since you visited your children, and in that time many changes have been at work. I regret to say a new nonsense has arisen in this age of folly, and your children have assumed it.

Mother. Speak! I am in suspense! Has that naughty Jill tumbled from the garden wall? Is Bo-peep still lamenting?

Santa. It is none of these things, dear madame; but the craze of the æsthetes is upon them all, and I fear you will not recognize them in their changed aspect. We have no children, nowadays; they are all grown men and women. Even my toy books are full of fol-de-rol and jim-cracks of art; and I myself only find comfort in a few little hearts who still believe in me and love me.

Mother. This is shocking! What shall I do? I must go at once and set them straight. What is this æsthetic craze? A disease? What are the symptoms? Hubbard, make ready your herbs and simples!

Santa. No, no, madame! it is not a disease; although, to my mind, it is monstrously like the ague,

the predominate colors being yellow and green — a sort of biliousness.

Hubbard [*who is packing a basket*]. Ah, calomel, there!

Santa. The truth is, the æsthetic are really the fashionable. In fact, mother, your children will hardly be known to you. They have assumed long hair and dazzling dresses. They talk of crockery and art —

Hubbard and Mother. Horrible!

Santa. They have forgotten their old ditties, and sing from a ridiculous song-book, called "Patience."

Mother. Ungrateful offspring! I shall proceed at once to journey thither.

Santa. I will send your note ahead by an imp of the wind, and wait for you, if you wish, while you don your hood and mantle.

Mother. I will not detain you a moment. [*Exit Santa Claus.*] Hasten, Hubbard, our mantles and hoods! [*Mother Hubbard flies around, brings mantle and peaked hat.*] Let us not lose time. Have you packed the herb basket? I am not sure that this cannot be allayed by simple remedies. Santa Claus is only a man, and not a mother. I see symptoms of fever in all he relates of their condition.

Hubbard. And my mind never gave up the idea of measles when he said it had spread so among 'em. Where is Fido? Fido! Fido! Fido! [*Hunts around, calling.*]

Mother. Look before the kitchen fire.

Hubbard [*runs out, returns crying*]. Alas! I cannot find him. Fido! [*Dashes out again.*]

Mother. Hubbard is childish about that dog.

[*Enter Santa Claus.*]

Santa. All ready? My horses are prancing to be off. Where is Fido and Hubbard?

[*Enter Hubbard.*]

Hubbard. Alas, he is not there! Where can he be!

Mother. He will have to be left, then.

Hubbard. L-e-a-v-e Fido!

Mother. We must! Come! Get the herbs!

Hubbard [*crying*]. Oh! — oh! — oh!

Santa. There! don't cry that way, Hubbard! you'll have a fringe of icicles hung on your nose. Give me that basket. [*Snatches herb basket, and runs out.*]

Hubbard. Oh! this is dreadful!

Mother. Put on your cloak, and stop crying. This doggerel of yours is enough to drive one distracted!

[*Enter Santa. A growling and barking in the basket.*]

Hubbard [*in delight.*] Fido! where is he?

Santa. In the basket, safe and sound. Come, let us go.

[*Opens outside door.*]

Hubbard. Oh! my dog!

Mother. My herbs!

[*Both look shocked, Santa Claus laughing. Mother Hubbard hugging the basket. Quick curtain to the tune of "A B C."*]

ACT II.

SCENE. — *Curtain rises on a room artistically furnished. Discovers Mistress Mary arrayed in æsthetic dress, arranging flowers in a vase. Jack posing sentimental, inditing a poem. Tommy Tucker is playing on accordion, with a rapt expression. Bo-peep is painting a plaque. Mr. Jack Sprat is watching her, while Mrs. Sprat helps Mary.*

Bo-peep. See! with what grace this lily beneath my hand grows. Ah! isn't it beautiful!

All [*turning slowly to look*]. Beautiful!

Tommy. And how this sweet strain, wafted to yon painted lily, gives it the grace of almost emotional life.

All [*with fervor*]. It does! it does!

Jill [*heard without*]. Here we are, and here we go. Steady, Nan, or you will upset something.

Mary. Oh! there are those noisy children!

[*Enter Jill, and Nan Etticoat. Jill is driving Nan, with reins of twine fastened around her arms, as children "play horse." She flourishes a long switch, and they stamp, and make much noise.*]

Jill. Hallo! what are you all doing?

Mr. Sprat. Jill, Jill, you *must* overcome this flow of animal spirits. It unfits you for the higher fields of Art—this capering and romping all day. Give it up, my child.

Jill. Don't want to. Look at Jack there—he is bad enough for two of us. He hasn't been worth anything since he took to that dress and poetry.

Bo-peep. Jill, how can you speak thus! He is our shining poet, a position one might envy a god.

All [*sighing*]. How true!

Jill. I don't care! he let me carry all the water, last week, and if Nan had not helped me, I never could have done it. Could I, Nan?

Nan. No way in the world!

Jill. And I will *never, never, never!* look such a goose as Jack there; or play accordion, or paint, or languish — so there!

Nan. Nor I!

[*They shake hands.*]

All [*recoiling*]. Horrible!

Mrs. Sprat. Be off, child. Go, leave us to our pleasures.

Tommy. You have rendered discord in my harmony.

Jack [*distracted*]. My poor nerves!

Jill. I do not care a single bit! There used to be some good among you. Now you are a set of noodles. Christmas is coming though, and you will forget to hang up your stocking, with all this other nonsense. But Nan and I shall get all that is intended for you. So now!

Bo-peep. I shall go distracted!

Mary. Christmas, Jill, is one of those old superstitions that, in this age of culture, have passed away. Only children remember it.

Jill. And are we not Mother Goose's children? and has not she been picking her geese all day for Christmas dinner? Anyhow, it is snowing out, and you know it is the geese feathers. And I *have* known the time, Miss Contrary, when you would hang up a stocking two

yards long as quick as any of us. However, I am off. Come on, Nan.

Nan. And Jack can carry the pail of water to-day?

Jill. To be sure, he can. Jacky, give your poetry a rest, and come draw for a while. I am sure, if Bo-peep can draw flowers, you should draw water. It is one of the higher branches — high as the well-sweep!

[*Exit Nan, and Jill, laughing.*]

Jack. Thanks to the Olympian gods, they have gone.

Mary. Their noise is maddening!

[*Re-enter Jill, and Nan.*]

Jill. Do not be too sure! I forgot something. See here what blew down at my feet this morning. A letter for us all!

All [*languidly*]. Ah!

Jill. Yes. Who will read it?

Mrs. Sprat. I will.

[*Unrolls Mother Goose's letter. All, save Nan and Jill, appear indifferent.*]

Mrs. S. [*reading*]. "My dear children: Being blessed with good health and spirits, I greet you."

[*Speaking*] Why, this letter is from Mother Goose.

All [*languidly*]. Ah!

Mrs. S. [*reading*]. "Not having been able in many years to be with you, save in thought, I, with Mother Hubbard, intend visiting you, and enjoying a round of Christmas merriment. I have engaged Santa Claus to aid us, and I anticipate much joy in seeing you all once more. Look for me the evening of the 24th.

"In love, your

"MOTHER GOOSE."

Bo-peep. She is coming *here*?

Mary. Horror! to make *us* a visit! This is dreadful!

Mrs. S. So old-fashioned! She will want early dinner.

Mr. S. And a chop and toast at bed-time.

Bo-peep. And such bonnets!

Nan. And Hubbard will bring Fido — oh, goody!
[*Claps her hands.*]

Tommy. Nan, be silent. Distraction seize me, but this is hard! What can have moved her to visit us?

Jill. For shame! Dear Mother Goose, who has always been so kind! You are an ungrateful set!

Nan. Perhaps she will make you forget this nonsense for a while.

Mrs. S. Jill, if you do not be quiet, we will put you and Nan in the closet.

Mr. S. And I will help put you there.

Nan and Jill [*dancing around Sprat*]. Catch us if you can!

Mary. Silence! Let us consider what we shall do.

Bo-peep. How shall we get out of it?

Tommy. Write, and tell her we have the small-pox.

Jill. You have something much worse! [*Dodges Sprat, who makes a dash at her.*]

Mrs. S. Besides, she has been vaccinated! No, we will have to endure this visit. We will preserve the even tenor of our way, and let her find us thus.

Jill. Alas! poor mother!

Jack. Her letter says the 24th. That is to-night. She will be here soon.

Nan. Of course. To morrow is Christmas. Oh, come, boys and girls. Let us drop all this nonsense, and greet dear mother as loving children, and have an old Santa Claus' frolic.

Jill. Oh! yes — please —

Both [*coaxingly*]. D-o — come!

[*Sleigh-bells without.*]

Bo-peep. Listen!

Jack. It is sleigh-bells!

Jill and Nan [*in glee*]. Santa Claus!

Mary. It is Mother Goose. Quick, resume your occupation. Shall anything turn us from seeking the Beautiful?

[*All return to their work, singing very slowly.*]

Tune — "Days of Absence."

Days of yore, in all their sameness,
In slow length have dragged away,
Now, the ideal age of Beauty
Bides, and cheers us, day by day.
While, around us, Art is hovering,
Poetry holds her tender sway,
And the commonplace of living
Fainter groweth day by day.

[*During the song, the door is thrown open, and Mother Goose and Hubbard stand in astonishment. The snow is falling on them, and blown in the doorway. Jill closes the door finally, and they stand within the room. Hubbard hugging Fido.*]

Mother. Is there no one here to bid me welcome?

Jill. I, dear mother!

Nan. And I!

[*They advance toward her.*]

Mother [*embracing them*]. At last I hear a welcome voice — but is this all?

Mary. Madame, we welcome you, from that abode unknown to us. But we are so plunged in restful culture of the Beautiful that we may not immediately lay aside this peace to greet you.

Bo-peep. Pardon me if, in these lovely greens, I should forget the trivial courtesies of life. Gaze, companions — is this not beautiful?

All [*gazing*]. Too, too — Beautiful!

Mother [*indignant*]. And all this while I stand unmantled and waiting welcome! Take my cloak, Hubbard; take off your own. Open that basket of herbs. This is worse than I thought possible. How long has this lasted?

Mr. S. Our change, madame, from the fleshly creation of your fancy has been three long months. We have just attained perfection. This is our textbook. [*Presents copy of "Patience."*]

Mother. Fiddlesticks! Jill, you seem to have a grain of comprehension left; are they all the same way?

Jill. Yes, ma'am, every one, save Nan and I. We ain't that way. Why, you ought to see them when —

Mother. There! that will do. Hubbard, that bottle. [*Hubbard produces an immense demijohn labelled "Squills."*]

Mother. The spoon! [*A ladle is handed to her.*] Now, open your mouths, *every one* of you. Stand in line —

Bo-peep. Oh!

Mary. Dreadful!!

Tommy. Outrageous !

Jack [*assuming defensive*]. Madame, I defy you !

All. No — no — we will not !

Mother [*stopping aghast*]. What ! you repudiate a mother's care ! What is this that has overtaken my children — this curse ?

Mary. It is no curse, but a blessing. We have only grown beyond you. We are disciples now of a new school. We love the Beautiful alone !

Jill [*while Mother looks helpless*]. The plain English of that means they are a set of silly ninnies. Don't mind them, mother.

Mother [*resolutely*]. One more trial. Mary, can you remember the simple words by which I have made you immortal ?

Mary. This is a concession I can scarcely grant. Still, considering your age, I will try to obey you.

Mother. That is an unlooked-for condescension on your part. Proceed !

Mary.

Mam'zelle Mary, adverse maid,
Does your floral culture progress ?
With pale lilies and daisies,
And latest new crazes,
Emotions that rapture and bless !

Hubbard [*who is listening*]. My patience ! What a jumble !

Mother. Merciful powers ! what do I hear ? These are not my words. Jack, come forward. Can you repeat, correctly, what it was my pleasure to give you for life ?

Jack. Madame, in my changed and heightened nature, I can but *try* and comply with your request.

I.

Jack and Jill roved a sun-lit hill,
Sought pellucid streams together.
Jack careened before, struck his cranium a blow,
Jill followed, light as a feather.

II.

Up rose poor John, and, wending home,
His maternal much amazes;
Who, with Jill's aid, a poultice made
Of sunflower juice and daisies.

Hubbard. Oh! monstrous!

Mother [*distracted*]. This is beyond my comprehension. I never wrote such words as these. Who has thus perverted my simple meaning? Tommy Tucker, stand forth! Repeat to me the words that have rendered you famous.

Tommy.

Small Tommy Tucker,
His sweet notes must prolong,
That his staff of life and supper
May be graced with a song.

Hubbard. Oh, oh! preposterous!

Mother. This is cruel! What have I ever done to deserve this? I am angry and amazed. What does it mean?

Jill. It means, mother, that Nan, Hubbard, you, and I, and even Fido, are too old-fashioned to be worthy of respect.

Hubbard. Unworthy respect? And Fido, with his remarkable qualities? Absurd! [*Angrily taps her foot.*]

Sprat. Madame, the truth is, we have gone beyond you. Once your silly ditties pleased us, but it was before we realized the unattainable. We can no longer live on such feeble food; we want the New, the True, and the Beautiful.

All [in chorus]. Oh! yes, we do, we do!

Mother [sadly]. Then, alas! all is over! And this is my reward! I, who have loved, labored, and prayed for ye, am too old-fashioned to be respected! Come, Hubbard, let us withdraw —

Hubbard [weeping]. Oh, madame!

Mother. Do not weep, Hubbard; your tears are but food for their sport. We will retire, and await Santa Claus' return. Fare ye well, and remember, when Beauty fails to comfort you, *I* have none for you. Even now, I hear the wail of many children, over the lack of dear Mother Goose's lines. May their voices bring pain unto your hearts.

[*Exit Mother and Hubbard. All look downcast. Jill and Nan are crying. Bo-peep has dropped her brushes. Jack bites his pencil perplexedly.*]

Jill [crying]. Bo-h-o-o — we shall never see her again! [*Sobs aloud.*]

Nan. Oh! bo-o-ho-o — [*Crying lustily.*]

Jill. Don't you think you have been very shabby, and are you not ashamed of yourself?

Mary [sharply]. Hold your tongue, Jill.

Jill. That is plain English. I have heard *that* before.

Jack [*slowly*]. It seems to me, we might have been more gentle with the old lady.

Jill [*slapping him on shoulder*]. Good for you, Jack; your heart is in the right place!

Nan [*doing same*]. *That* it is!

Jack [*rubbing shoulder*]. Well, your hands are not. Keep off!

Jill. Bless my soul, that sounds natural. A cross disciple of the Beautiful is real pleasure. Give me your hand, Jack. [*Seizes his hand.*]

Nan [*shaking on other side*]. Yes, Jack!

Mr. S. Upon my word, now, I do think we were hard on mother. It looks unnatural. She was always kind to us.

Bo-peep. It appears to me, Jack Sprat, *you* might have been more civil.

Mrs. S. You were absolutely rough!

Mr. S. I?

Tommy. Oh! decidedly bearish!

Nan. Abominably so!

Jill. Unquestionably rude!

[*They both laugh mischievously.*]

Mr. S. You do well to talk *now*. Why did none of you speak up at the time?

Mrs. S. You gave us no chance.

Mary. You are always so forward!

Mr. S. Oh! come now —

Mrs. S. Mr. Sprat, be silent, and own you are wrong.

Mr. S. Mrs. Sprat, I will *not*!

[*They glare at each other.*]

Jill [*in glee*]. Hi, hi! Nan, they are at it again.

I have not heard you sound so natural for months. Go it, I like it. It is the way you used to be before you grew æsthetic.

Bo-peep. Jill, Jill, do not talk so. Stop a moment. I have been thinking it *all* over. Hadn't we better give up all this, and go ask mother's pardon?

Mary. It will be so humiliating!

Nan [*close to her*]. Bah!

Jill. I do not see how you can bear to see Hubbard weep.

Jack. Oh! hang Hubbard! she is always at it. It is mother I care about, and I for one mean to go beg her to forgive me.

Nan and Jill [*seizing him by the hands, and whirling him around*]. Goody, goody for Jack!

Bo-peep. So am I. I cannot bear to have her feel so badly.

Mr. S. And since I have treated her the worst of you all, I suppose I can *never* be forgiven.

Mrs. S. [*gently*]. Let us try, Jack.

Tommy. I'm awfully tired of this squeaking thing. [*Waves accordion.*] And I shall just give it up, and ask mother to give me a jew's-harp.

Jill. I tell you what we will do. You must all go, and put on your old dresses. Bo-peep get her crook, and when mother comes to go, we will all meet her, singing the old ditties.

Mary. Good!

Mr. S. We must hurry then. My dear [*to Mrs. S.*], have you mislaid the platter?

Mrs. S. I can't find it. Come, make haste!

[*All exeunt, save Nan and Jill.*]

Jill. Now, how glad mother will be ! But what is that I hear ?

[*Sounds of children sobbing. Enter Hubbard weeping, leading a procession of little children, who sob in their aprons. They arrange themselves in a semi-circle around the stage, and sing.*]

Tune — “ A B C,” very slowly.

Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear me,
 Mother Goose we ne'er shall see!
 All the rhymes are changed and sad,
 How can we again be glad ?
 Who can tell us of Bo-peep ?
 Who can make us laugh and weep ?
 Mother Goose, whose children all
 Will not listen to her call.

[*Enter Mother sadly.*]

Mother. There, alas ! are all those poor little ones who mourn my downfall. Poor children, what have I to comfort you ? I am comfortless myself. [*Weeps.*]

[*Sleigh-bells. Enter Santa Claus.*]

Santa [*looking around, in amazement*]. Odds bodikins ! what is all this ? Weeping, and on this merry evening ! Mother, explain yourself.

Mother. Dear Santa Claus, my children have deserted me. I have grown too old to interest them. These are the little ones, who lament my loss !

Santa [*frowning*]. What ! have they not given over that nonsense ? There, I have a gross of switches to leave for your children, mother, and for these little ones, will not sugar-plums help you ?

Children [*chorus*]. Oh, no !

Santa. This is very sad ! Let us all think about it —

[*A sad pause, filled with many sniffs and sobs. A singing without. The Mabel Waltz, with Mother Goose's words. Enter Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Sprat, Bo-peep, Tom Tucker, and Jack, all in their old dress. Bo-peep has a crook, Mr. and Mrs. Sprat a platter, Jack his pail. All sing gayly, and surround Mother Goose, joining hands, and skipping about her.*]

Tune — "Mabel Waltzes."

Here we are, oh, mother dear,
Your children as of yore,
To leave thee for æsthetic fields,
Or by-paths never more.

[*All drop on their knees.*]

Now, upon repentant knees,
We beg thee to forgive,
And heed the wishes of our song,
May Mother Goose long live.

Mother. Rise, my children; this is indeed a joyful surprise. Gladly, gladly, do I forgive thee. [*Kisses them.*]

Santa. And now let us all forget bygones, and join in a merry Christmas dance. But first of all give these little ones a chance for three cheers for Mother Goose! One — two — three!

All. Hurrah, hurrah for Mother Goose!

[*All break into a dance about Mother Goose, singing the rhymes to the time of the Mabel Waltzes, and they dance until the curtain falls. Mother Goose and Santa join hands and take stately steps in time to the music.*]

CURTAIN.

THE FAIRY STEEPLECROWN

A Play for Children

IN ONE SCENE

By ALICE P. CARTER

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SANTA CLAUS.

KATRINA, *Santa Claus' Wife.*

FAIRY STEEPLCROWN.

MIDGET, *A Fairy.*

JAPANESE INTERPRETER.

CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

DEPUTATION OF CHILDREN.



COPYRIGHT, 1887,
By WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

COSTUMES.

SANTA CLAUS. *First costume*, long dressing-gown over red trousers and top-boots, night-cap, white wig, and beard. *Second costume*, fancy jacket and hat.

KATRINA. Dark loose wrapper, cap, white wig, and spectacles. *Second costume*, any pretty and fanciful dress.

FAIRY STEEPLCROWN. Dark dress, cloak, cap with broad border, very tall crown, steeple-crowned hat, and wand in hand.

MIDGET AND OTHER FAIRIES. Either white dresses with wreaths, or fancy dresses.

INTERPRETER AND JAPANESE CHILDREN. Dressing-gown folded across the front, without buttons, and bound with a sash, Hair tied on top of the head. A Japanese fan.

CHILDREN. Common street costumes.

MUSIC.

THE MUSIC incidental to this piece is for the most part familiar to every one. For the guidance of such as may happen to be ignorant of one or more of the airs employed, we subjoin a priced list of the necessary music, any item of which will be sent by mail, postpaid, by the publishers of THE FAIRY STEEPLECROWN, on receipt of price.

THE MIKADO. Complete vocal score	\$1.00
PATIENCE. Complete vocal score	\$1.00
"LÉGENDE DE LA MÈRE ANGOT". . . .	.30
"OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"	.10
"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." (America)	.30
"MARSEILLAISE"	.30
"WACHT AM RHEIN"	.30
"VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM." (Litolff Ed.)	.60

THE FAIRY STEEPLECROWN.

SCENE.— *The home of SANTA CLAUS. An arm-chair at the side of stage. A fur cap and coat hanging up. Curtain rises, disclosing a group of CHRISTMAS FAIRIES headed by MIDGET. All hold handkerchiefs to their eyes.*

MIDGET. We're the little Christmas fairies who bring
the pretty things
Which every year at Christmas our dear old master
brings ;
And now he's weak and ailing, and we're in deepest woe.
If you ask the other fairies, they all will tell you so.
Why do they weep? It is because
Of dear old Master, Santa Claus.

(SONG. *Air, "Tit Willow," from "The Mikado."*)

Oh, tell us, oh, tell us, oh, what shall we do?
O willow! O willow! O willow!
Our master is ill, and is very old too.
O willow! O willow! O willow!
We must try to do something. Oh, yes, we must try!
For if something's not done, he will certainly die;
And what will be left to us then, but to cry,
O willow! O willow! O willow!

And think of the poor little children of Earth,
 O willow! O willow! O willow!
 Who have loved Santa Claus every day since their birth,
 O willow! O willow! O willow!
 He is bound to their hearts by a very strong tie;
 And now if the friend of all children should die,
 Oh, what would be left to them then but to cry,
 O willow! O willow! O willow!

MIDGET. My brothers and sisters, indeed it is true
 That we must be quick, and find something to do
 For our precious old master, before it's too late;
 And I think we all feel we have no time to wait.

A FAIRY. Yes, let us do something; but what shall it
 be?

MIDGET. I've thought of a plan; and, if you will agree,
 I'll go as your messenger, ere it's too late,
 And I think we can save Santa Claus from his fate.

A FAIRY. Then please let us know what the plan is
 you've made.

MIDGET. To call Fairy Steeplecrown here to our aid.

(FAIRIES *give three cheers.*)

Very well; by your cheering, I see you agree:
 So I'll go for the fairy, and bring her with me.

(*Exeunt FAIRIES. Enter SANTA CLAUS and KATRINA.*)

KATRINA (*supporting him to the arm-chair*). Here,
 Claus, my old dearie, you'd better sit down;
 And, please, don't you trouble your weary old head
 About Christmas work, and the presents to go,
 For I'll do it all my own self, as I said.
 You know I know how.

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, my dear, that is true ;
For I once had the gout, and so had to send you.

(SONG, KATRINA. *Air, German Volkslied "Wenn's
Mailüsterl Weht."*)

Oh, don't you remember that night I went out,
That night in December when you had the gout ?
The reindeer, they snorted, they stamped, and they flew.
Oh, I ne'er could have done it, dear Claus, but for you!

Oh, how I was frightened, poor trembling old dame,
When we mounted the roofs, and to chimneys we came,
And down I must go, without any ado!
Oh, I ne'er could have done it, dear Claus, but for you!

For you, my old husband, were suffering and ill;
And to help you and spare you, I worked with a will.
And how much more now! Oh, what would I not do?
I even would gladly change places with you.

SANTA CLAUS. But it's worse now than gout. I shall
never be well.

(*A bell rings.*)

KATRINA. I must just run and see who is ringing the
bell.

(*Exit.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, it's worse now than gout. That
was very soon past ;
But old age has been waiting, and caught me at last.
And I really believe, at the end of a year,
When again Christmas comes, it will not find me here.

(*Enter KATRINA.*)

KATRINA. O Clausy, do you know, here are little
deputations,
Made up of little children from several different nations,

Who have come to pay their compliments, and to express
their grief

That you are ill, and also hope that you may find relief !
They've brought their own interpreter, a funny little man :
It seems to me that he must be a gentleman of Japan.
Are you strong enough to see them, dear ?

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, bring them certainly.
I have always loved the children. I will see them joy-
fully.

(Enter the INTERPRETER. Then deputations of four or five children, carrying a banner on which is the name of their nation. Each deputation enters separately, in the following order : America, England, France, Germany, and Japan. They march around the stage to the air "March of the Mikado Troops." Then each deputation advances separately. SANTA CLAUS in his chair turns away from the audience ; so that the children, in facing him, nearly face the audience. Americans advance to the tune "Yankee Doodle," and bow.)

(SONG. "Yankee Doodle.")

Dear Santa Claus, from distant lands
We've come to ring your bell, sir,
And to express our deepest grief
That you are far from well, sir.

And, oh, we hope that you will soon
Again be well and strong, sir !
And may you ever happy be,
And may your life be long, sir !

(Bow and retire, and the English children advance to the tune "God save the King." They bow.)

(SONG. “*America.*”)

O dear old Santa Claus,
 O dear old Santa Claus!
 The children’s friend!
 We’ve come our grief to tell,
 And to hope some charm or spell
 Will be found to make you well.
 May your life ne’er end!

(*They bow and retire. The French deputation advances
 and bows.*)

(SONG. “*La Marseillaise.*”)

O, doux ami de l’enfance!
 O, bon auteur de nos jeux!
 Notre douleur est immense
 De vous voir si malheureux.¹

(*Bow and retire. Then Germans advance to the tune
 “Die Wacht am Rhein.”*)

(SONG. “*Wacht am Rhein.*”)

O, lieber Herr! O, lieber Herr!²
 O, es betrübt uns gar zu sehr,
 Zu hören, zu hören, dass Sie unwohl sind.
 Das bedauert sehr ein jedes Kind.

(*Bow and retire. The Japanese children advance to the
 “March of the Mikado Troops.” They throw them-
 selves on their hands and knees, touching their fore-
 heads to the floor; then rise, and spread their fans
 behind their heads.*)

¹ In singing French, the final *e* is pronounced. Sing only the two first lines of the air, twice repeated.

² The first verse is played. The words come on the chorus.

(SONG. "Mikado.")

Miya sama, miya sama
On ma no mayé ni.
Pira — Pira sara no wa
Nan gia na
Toko tonyaré tonyaré na!

(*Stroke their knees downward, and retire.*)

SANTA CLAUS. I'll try to answer them, my dear ;
Just give a helping hand.

(*Attempts to rise.*)

KATRINA. But there are more than half of them
Who do not understand.

(INTERPRETER *advances, and drops on his face.*)

INTERPRETER. Me is de intairpretair, most honored
sair.

Me knows every language dat's under de sun.
Vot you say to me, me vill say it to dem,
And den dey vill know it too. Yes, every vun.

SANTA CLAUS (*rises*). My little friends, I'm old and ill,
Too ill to make a speech.
And so have only this to say, —
I thank you, all and each.

(INTERPRETER *goes to the foreign children, and whispers to them the speech. They all nod. The deputations form again in procession, and march around the stage to music. In leaving, the children of each deputation bid adieu in unison, and then bow, and exeunt.*)

AMERICANS. Good-by.

ENGLISH. Good-day.

FRENCH. Bonjour.

GERMANS. Guten Tag.

(Japanese, instead of speaking, repeat their bow to the ground. INTERPRETER does likewise. When all are gone, SANTA CLAUS suddenly sinks into his chair, as if exhausted, and KATRINA bends over him anxiously.)

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, let me sit down !

KATRINA. Oh, what is it? Oh, what? *(Bends over him.)*

SANTA CLAUS. I'm just about dying, I think.

(Enter FAIRY STEEPLCROWN.)

FAIRY. No, you're not.

KATRINA. O dear Fairy Steeplecrown ! how do you do ?
You come at a sad time. I'm worried to death.
My poor, dear old Claus is so weak and so ill,
That I'm often afraid he will draw his last breath.

FAIRY. Oh, don't you be frightened ! he's only
grown old.

KATRINA. But age is a trouble not easy to cure.

FAIRY. For mortals it's not, but for fairies it is.

(To SANTA CLAUS.)

You're not desperate yet, my old friend, I am sure.

SANTA CLAUS *(groans)*. Oh, I'm fast breaking up !

FAIRY. Now, what nonsense that is !

Your fairies have sent for me, and I have come.

So get on your feet ; and I'll give you my word

That I'll make a new man of you, ere I go home.

SANTA CLAUS. What! You can't make me young again?

FAIRY. Yes, sir, I can.

SANTA CLAUS. What! all in a moment?

FAIRY. A little bit longer.

I'm a fairy, you see, of the second degree:

A fairy of first class is very much stronger.

Come, get on your feet. Do you think you can stand?

SANTA CLAUS. Oh yes, if Katrina will lend me a hand!

(Comes forward leaning on KATRINA.)

FAIRY. When I talk of making young, I think perhaps you'll say,

"Physician, cure thyself;" but that is not my way.

I can help a friend in need, and do it well, you'll see;

But 'twould take a good strong fairy to make a girl of me!

Now we'd better set to work. I must change you, bit by bit.

I'll take your nightcap first, and make a hat of it.

SANTA CLAUS. But, Fairy Steeplecrown, be kind enough to wait.

Before you make me young, I think you'd better state

How young I'd better grow. I shouldn't like to be

A little baby boy; for that's too young, you see.

FAIRY. Oh, you leave that to me! I know what I'm about.

I'm sure you'll be content without a bit of doubt.

(Gives him a hat.¹)

¹ The hat is fastened by a safety-pin under her cloak; and by turning away from the audience a moment, she makes the change.

There, that looks very well. And now these wrinkles here
Must all be smoothed away, and made to disappear.

(Touches his face with her wand, and then with her hands. The wand is tipped with wash-leather, well covered with rouge.)

And now I'll just pull off these hoary locks of snow,
And a fine dark head of hair you'll have before you know.

(Gives a pull. SANTA CLAUS cries, "Ow, ow!" Hair comes off.)

That's better. Now, your beard. If it hurts, you mustn't
mind :

A good mustache will be much better, you will find.

(Pulls off beard, then dressing-gown. SANTA CLAUS, in fancy dress, strikes an attitude, then dances and sings.)

(SONG. "When I go out of door," from "Patience.")

Oh, I'm a fine young man!
Oh, what a nice young man!
It really does seem
Like a beautiful dream,
That I'm changed to a fine young man.
But then, I hope to keep
In that case, fast asleep;
For I certainly find
It is quite to my mind
To dance like this asleep.

(Takes the FAIRY'S hand, and they dance to the accompaniment.)

Oh, I'm a fine young man!
Oh, what a nice young man!
I am able to dance, and to sing, and to prance;
And I'm doing it all I can.

I cannot think, I'm sure,
 How ever I could endure
 To be an old man,
 When I find that I can
 So easily find a cure.

(*Dances with FAIRY, as before.*)

Well, Katrina, old girl, have you nothing to say
 Of the change that you see in your husband to-day?

KATRINA (*bursts into tears*). O Claus! O my husband! Oh, what shall I do?

Oh, just look at me, and then just look at you!
 I look like your grandmother.

SANTA CLAUS.

Well, yes, you do.

I must really confess what she says is quite true.

Look here, Fairy Steeplecrown, won't you just see
 If you can't make Katrina look something like me?

KATRINA. O dear Fairy Steeplecrown, make me
 young too, —

As young as my husband! O dear Fairy, do!

FAIRY. You certainly do need it, if ever woman did;
 And I really would be happy to do as I am bid:
 Such an ill-assorted couple, I never yet did see.
 But when I've done a thing like that (*points to SANTA CLAUS*), the power's out of me.

A fairy of the second class has just so much to give.
 Just wait, perhaps a month, my dear.

KATRINA. Oh, no! I could not live.

FAIRY. A week perhaps?

KATRINA. Oh, no! Oh, no! Indeed, I could not wait.

Have pity, Fairy Steeplecrown, nor leave me to my fate.

SANTA CLAUS. Have pity, Fairy Steeplecrown, nor
leave us to our fate ;
And do not leave a man like me with such an ancient
mate.

(SANTA CLAUS *and* KATRINA *kneel, and repeat the last
two lines together.*)

FAIRY. I'm sorry, friends. There's nothing that will
be the slightest use,
Before at least a month, or more. Why, yes ! I am a
goose !
There is a way. I quite forgot. I didn't think before.
Just bring me, Claus, your largest key, that fits your
largest door.

SANTA CLAUS. I will, my friend ; but may I ask what
use it is to you ?

FAIRY. I mean to wind myself right up, and start as
good as new.

SANTA CLAUS. Wind yourself up ?

KATRINA. You're not a clock. You do not tick and
strike.

FAIRY. Well, no, my dear, that's very true ; but then
I'm something like.

We're not like common human folks. Of course, we're
something more.

We're more like very fine machines, the best you ever saw.
I don't think you could understand, and so I'll not explain ;
But only say, when quite run down, we can be wound
again.

So get the key (*exit* SANTA CLAUS), and if it fits —

KATRINA. You'll make me young again?

FAIRY. And pretty, too; but promise me it shall not make you vain.

KATRINA. I'll promise to be as good as gold. Oh, make me young and fair!

Give me a pair of rosy cheeks, and give me curly hair.

FAIRY. I'm really shocked, my friend, to find that such an ancient dame

Can care for these frivolities and vanities you name.

KATRINA. I'm sorry it offends you, but I *feel* already young;

And when a feeling's in the heart, it gets upon the tongue.

(SONG. "*I cannot tell what this love may be,*" from "*Patience.*")

I cannot tell what these thoughts may be,
Which seem to be rushing over me.
I'm sure that it must be, in truth,
A sign of approaching youth.
We generally say, "Old age is near;"
But what is coming is oh, so dear!
'Twill bring the color to lip and cheek,
And strength to the limbs that are now so weak.
On every side old age I see,
A-clinging to all, but not to me.
I'm going to be young! I'm going to be young!
Oh, that is the song of my heart and my tongue!
Think how happy I'm going to be.
Tra-la-la-la-la. From age set free.

Old age is a thorn, and there's no doubt
It would be better to pluck it out,
If one but knew how; but there are none
Who know how this is done,
For that no mortal understands.
I put my case in a fairy's hands,

And then away the wrinkles fly,
And the hair grows dark, and bright the eye.
On every side old age I see,
A-clinging to all, but not to me.
I'm going to be young, etc.

(*Enter SANTA CLAUS.*)

SANTA CLAUS. There, that's the largest key we have.

(*Gives it to FAIRY, and holds her wand.*)

KATRINA. I hope that it will fit.

FAIRY. I hope so too ; for if it don't, you'll have to wait a bit.

(*Slips the key under her cloak, and fits it to her side.
Nods violently, and winds herself up.¹ Dances and
sings without accompaniment.*)

(SONG. "When I go out of doors," "Patience.")

Oh, I'm as good as new!
Oh, that's the way to do!
Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I feel so queer!
I'm quite as good as new.

(*Speaks.*)

Now, my venerable friend,
It is time to attend
To this little affair about you ;
And soon you will find
You are quite to your mind,
For your moments of age are few.

¹ For the sound of the winding, she turns a watchman's rattle, which hangs under her cloak.

(*To SANTA CLAUS.*)

Now give me back my precious wand,
And let me try my skill.

(*Touches KATRINA'S cheeks with the wand and then with
her hand.¹*)

There ! now there's not a wrinkle left.
They've vanished at my will.

(*Pulls off cap and wig. Then pulls down curls.*)

KATRINA. Oh, thank you, Fairy Steeplecrown ! Oh,
oh, I've got some curls !
They're nice and light, and soft and bright, as any little
girl's.

(*FAIRY pulls off KATRINA'S wrapper, and she appears
prettily dressed. She examines herself with delight,
and then skips up to SANTA CLAUS.*)

KATRINA. Oh, thank you, Fairy Steeplecrown ! How
very kind you are !
Oh, no one now would take me for my husband's grand-
mamma !
O Claus, do just look at me ! Look at your wife.
Did you ever see such an old dear in your life ?
I mean a *young* dear.

SANTA CLAUS. You're as sweet as can be.
A prettier creature I never did see.

¹ The end of the wand is covered with chamois leather, upon which is rouge. The Fairy applies this to the cheeks of Katrina, as before to Santa Claus, smoothing it with her fingers.

KATRINA. I feel just like dancing ; I cannot keep still.
Come, dance with me, hop with me, skip with a will !

(SONG. *Air, Duet of Ko-Ko and Katisha from "The Mikado."*)

SANTA CLAUS AND KATRINA. (*They dance the polka opposite to each other, joining right and left hands alternately.*)

Oh, dance with me! Sing derry down derry!
Oh, derry down derry! Oh, this is gay!
Oh, dance and sing and let us be merry,
For we've been old for many a day!

(*They dance together around the stage to the accompaniment of the same air.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*stands still and sings.*)

Oh, I'm feeling such a strength in every limb!
Oh, the blood is fairly rushing through my veins!
Though I've had of years a plenty,
I feel only five and twenty,
So, good-by to all my ancient aches and pains.

KATRINA (*sings*). How could a youth so sprightly,
Who can dance so very lightly,
Be subject to his ancient aches and pains?

(*Dance as before.*)

Oh, dance with me! Sing derry down derry! etc.

KATRINA (*sings*). Oh, I've lived so long with spectacles on nose;
I've lived so long in cap and snowy hair, —
Oh, who can tell the pleasure,
And the comfort without measure,
Of feeling I again am young and fair!

SANTA CLAUS. And who can tell the pleasure
That I feel, my little treasure,
At seeing you again so young and fair?

(*Dance.*)

Oh, dance with me! etc.

(*Enter CHRISTMAS FAIRIES from each side, dancing hand in hand to music.*)

MIDGET to FAIRY. Our master and mistress were here
when we left,
Can you tell what's become of them, please?

FAIRY. If you'll just use your eyes, miss, and look
round the room,
I think you will find them with ease.

(*All the fairies look around. SANTA CLAUS and KATRINA
laugh and bow and courtesy to fairies.*)

SANTA CLAUS. What ! not know your master ?

KATRINA. Why, don't you know me ? You see what
a fairy can do.

MIDGET. What ! You are our master and our mis-
tress ? O, no !

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, yes ; I assure you it's true.

(*Fairies all clap their hands.*)

MIDGET. But what will the children say ? What will
they do ?
They'll cry just as hard as they can,
When they see their old friend, whom they all love so
much,
Changed into a dapper young man.

(SONG. *Air, " Oh, dear, what can the matter be ? "*)

CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

Oh, dear, what will the children do ?

Oh, dear, what will the children do ?

Oh, dear, what will the children do ?

Now Santa Claus has grown young ?

They all will be crying and sobbing and sighing,
And quite as unhappy as if he were dying.
To lose an old friend will be certainly trying.
For old Santa Claus has grown young.

Oh, dear, what will the children say ?
Oh, dear, what will the children say ?
Oh, dear, what will the children say ?
They who have known him for years ?

Instead of receiving him smiling and beaming,
I really believe they will all begin screaming;
They'll certainly think that they all must be dreaming
As soon as this stranger appears.

SANTA CLAUS. Dear me ! I never thought of that.
Their tears will fall like rain.

KATRINA. What shall we do ?

SANTA CLAUS. I only know I'll not be old again.

KATRINA (*picks up the wig and beard*). I'll tell you
what we'll do, my love : we'll keep these things,
you see ;

And when you put them on, you'll look as natural as can
be.

SANTA CLAUS. Yes, so I shall. We'll try them on,
and see if I look right.

(KATRINA *helps to put them on.*)

Be careful there ! You pull my hair ! Dear me ! The
beard feels tight !

(KATRINA *brings fur coat and cap, and puts them on.*)

KATRINA (*claps her hands and laughs*). Oh, what an
old fellow ! How funny you are !
You look like my great, great, great, great grandpapa !

SANTA CLAUS. Ha, ha ! I like that ! A few minutes ago,
It was *you* were the grandmother. Weren't you?

KATRINA.

That's so.

But now I've grown young, why, I really can't see
How such an old fellow my husband could be.

SANTA CLAUS. But I'm really not old. Come and try
me, for still
I can dance with you, hop with you, skip with a will.

(They dance around the stage to the former air.)

MIDGET. You know, sir, you told us to have things
prepared
For the children on Christmas Day ;
And you said that our mistress, because you were ill,
Would go in your stead in the sleigh.
We've got the sleigh filled up as full as can be.
It's already to start. So will you go, or she?

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, I'll go myself ! I'm as good now
as new.

What's the first thing, Katrina, that I have to do?

KATRINA. You must first go to Boston.¹

SANTA CLAUS. All right, very well !

KATRINA. And what sort of children live there? Can
you tell?

SANTA CLAUS. Why, that is the place where the chil-
dren tell lies,
Make faces at people, and play with mud-pies,
Make their parents mind *them*, do whatever they please,
And squabble and wrangle and worry and tease.

¹ Or, "New York is the first place," or any other locality.

MIDGET. Oh, no, sir ! Excuse me. 'Twas I that told
you,
And the place that I spoke of was called Timbuctoo.

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, was it? All right. I have been
old so long,
That I sometimes *did* get things a little bit wrong.
If the children were here, I'd be happy to make

(Bows to audience.)

A humble apology for my mistake.
For now I remember, I really was told
That the children of Boston ¹ are all good as gold.

(SONG. “ *Légende de la Mère Angot*,” from “ *La Fille
de Madame Angot*.”)

And if the information that I have heard is true,
I hope another Christmas that it will be so too.
For what's the use of taking pains, and bringing trees and toys,
And acting plays, and singing songs, for naughty girls and boys?

*(While SANTA CLAUS sings refrain, SANTA CLAUS, KATRINA, and FAIRY all
dance a chain-dance, with a polka step.)*

Then be good children, be good children,
Or perhaps another year
Not a sign of tree or candy,
Play or toys, there will appear.

*(Fairies, SANTA CLAUS, KATRINA, and FAIRY STEEPLCROWN, all repeat the
last verse, dancing.)*

And now at last we bid you a very kind good-by,
And when the curtain's falling, be sure you do not cry ;
For soon another year will come, with Christmas pleasures too,
And then we all shall meet again, and so good-by to you.

(Ladies' chain.)

¹ Or, “ Little New Yorkers.”

Then be good children, be good children,
Or perhaps another year,
Not a sign of tree or candy,
Play or toys there will appear.

(Chorus and dance.)

CURTAIN.

SANTA CLAUS AT HOME.

A

CHRISTMAS OPERETTA.

BY

E. C. W.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SANTA CLAUS.

IMPS (the more the better).

FAIRY QUEEN.

FAIRIES (the more the better).

Time of Representation. — About one hour, not including distribution of presents.

Scenery. — This will, in most cases, have to be accomplished with evergreen, cotton batting, and spangles. Beware of candles and the like, — cotton is very inflammable.

Costumes. — Girls: white dresses, sashes of different color across the shoulder, tied under the arm; tarlatan is very pretty for sashes, white stockings; braid, tape, or ribbon, same color as sash, up the leg to the knee. Boys: entire suits of turkey red to the knee; red stockings; red slippers; funnel-shaped caps of same. Line the caps with stiff paper. Let the cloth hang to the shoulders. Cut out enough to show just the eyes, nose, and mouth. Let them be as tall as possible. The suits can be cut like children's drawers nightdresses, — in one piece from neck to knee. Then put a strip around for a belt, with big buckle of gilt board. A gilt star on the shoulder is an improvement. This red can be bought in quantities for about ten cents a yard. Just stitch up the seams: leave them *entirely* unfinished. The boys in these suits are wholly irresistible.

Stage Properties. — Get as many drills or coal chisels from a blacksmith as there are "imps." Suspend them in *some way* that the boys may stand at them and strike, — half on each side of the platform. A square frame, covered round the sides with black

cloth, at which four, six, or eight boys can stand, is perhaps as simple as any arrangement. Each boy has a large-size tack hammer, which he disposes of at the end of Scene II. The Fairy Queen, a crown and a showy wand.

Music. — *Pinafore*. "Anvil Chorus." "See the Conquering Hero comes," from *Judas Maccabæus*.

QUINCY, November, 1883.

This little operetta was written for the First Church Sunday School of Quincy. It was received with the greatest enthusiasm and delight. This year it is offered to the public. In working it up, the author has kept in mind three things: —

1. To make it easy of representation, yet brilliant in effect. There is but one scene, and that and the costumes simple and inexpensive.

2. To arrange it so that a large number of children could take part, even the youngest.

3. *Pinafore* music was selected, although old, because it is so well known and so stirring, and because boys will sing it lustily when they will sing hardly anything else. Let them sing it in the original words first to start their voices.

E. C. W.

SANTA CLAUS AT HOME.

A CHRISTMAS OPERETTA.

SCENE I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Curtain down. Fairy peeps from behind the curtain, takes one step in front, courtesies, skips to middle and courtesies deep.

(Tune, "Buttercup.")

Fairy. I'm Queen of the fairies, the gay little fairies,
The Queen of the fairies am I.
They're bright, merry fairies, the sweetest of
fairies ;
And a sweet little fairy am I.

(She pirouettes to the same tune, and ends with another deep courtesy.)

Queen. Friends of Earth, good evening. Shall I tell you why I am here to-night? I knew you were here, and I knew you came for a good Christmas time ; so I left my fairies at their games, and slipped away to come and help you. We do not care for you big folks. It is you little people we fairies love ; and it's you we think of at Christmas time. We have watched you all the year in Sunday school. We know how prompt you have been, how hard you have worked over your les-

sons, and how you have tried to please your teachers every way. To be sure (*slyly*), I know some of you little boys haven't always been a comfort to your teacher; but fairies have kind hearts, and we forget all that at Christmas time. Do you see my pretty wand? (*holds it up*). It's a magic wand. See, I wave it above you. That gives me power to grant you what I please. Now tell me what you would like most to have to-night.

(The children of the Sunday school must have rehearsed the following before Christmas eve. One rehearsal will be better than more.)

Children. A Christmas tree! Santa Claus! A present! etc.

(Fairy stamps imperiously for them to stop.)

Little boy (rising). Please, your fairy Majesty, could n't you tell better than we what would please us?

Fairy. Have you ever had a Christmas tree?

Chil. Yes, yes, ever so many!

Fairy. Has Santa Claus ever been to see you?

Chil. Ever so many times! He comes every Christmas! etc.

Fairy. Have you ever been to Snowland to see *him* in his snow-decked cave?

Chil. Oh! oh! No, never! Take us there! Let us go! Can we? etc.

Fairy. Ah, that will please you! I knew it would. Now, I will go back to my fairies before they miss me. Santa never lets anybody into his cave but his imps and us. But you will see what wonders we will work with

him. He loves us little fairies, — the jolly old rogue.
He won't refuse *us* anything.

(*Sings.*) I'm Queen of the, etc.

(*Pirouetting backwards, retires with deep courtesy.*)
Curtain.

SCENE II.

SANTA'S SNOW-DECKED CAVE. *Imps at work, singing.*

(*Tune, " We sail the ocean blue," opening chorus in
" Pinafore."*)

Imps. We work for Santa Claus,
And our gorgeous cave's a beauty ;
We're sober imps and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the frost and the snow
Bid the summer to go,
We work with a will all day.
When the grass and the flowers
Bring back summer hours,
We've plenty of time for play. Oho ! oho !

We work for Santa Claus,
And our gorgeous cave's a beauty ;
We're sober imps and true,
And attentive to our duty.
Our gorgeous cave's a beauty,
We're attentive to our duty.
We're sober imps and true,
We work for Santa Claus.

Enter SANTA.

Santa. My loyal imps, good evening.

Imps. Santa, good evening.

Santa. I hope you're all quite well.

Imps. Quite well. And you, sir?

Santa. I am in my usual health, and glad to meet you
all once more.

Imps. You do us proud, sir.

SONG.

(Tune, "I am the captain of the 'Pinafore.'")

Santa. I am old Santa, who's beloved by all.

Imps. A right good Santa, too.

Santa. You're very, very good; and, be it under-
stood,

I command a right good crew.

Imps. He's very, very good; and, be it understood,
He commands a right good crew.

Santa. Though I'm old as the hills, I've no bodily ills;
I'm young as the blithest boy.

I never do refuse my whole arts to use,
To fill children's hearts with joy.

Imps (*wave hammers high*).

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For our good St. Nick, with his bounteous
store.

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For our Santa, with his bounteous store.

Santa. I do my best to satisfy them all.

Imps. And with you they are quite content.

Santa. You're exceedingly polite, and I think it only right

To return the compliment.

Imps. We're exceedingly polite, and he thinks it only right

To return the compliment.

Santa. Bad language or abuse we will never, never use,

Whatever the emergency.

We will always be polite, and *do* just what is right ;

And so we'll live jollily.

Imps. Then give three cheers, etc.

Santa. And now, my good helpers, to work, to work !
We can afford no idleness at Christmas-tide.

(He retires to his place. They all work and sing.)

SONG.

(This can be omitted ; but it is extremely brilliant and effective, and, with a little extra trouble and persistence, is easily performed.)

(Tune, " Anvil Chorus.")

All. Look now ! our cave, all so festive and bright,
Sheds its radiance around. Let us not be delaying.

Evening invites us to labor : the day

We'll devote to our rest and our cheerful playing.

Chorus. To work let's hasten. Now, then, with hammers !

What, when the day departs, and we with
work are laden,

What then doth cheer our hearts? What
but the love of children?

What, what? What then doth cheer our
hearts?

The love of children, the love of children, the
love of children!

All. E'en while we work do their sweet voices ring
In our ears; and we'll work for them till rosy
morning.

Let us, then, hasten, nor lingering stay
Till the sun is on high and the day past
dawning.

Chorus. To work let's hasten, etc.

*(After a few moments of work, in which the sound of
anvils is distinguished, music is heard in the distance.
The imps listen, with hands at their ears in listening
attitude, on tiptoe, going toward the rear of stage, as
though looking, stretching their heads toward the direc-
tion of the music. This opportunity must be seized to
clear the stage of anvils.)*

SONG.

(Tune, "Over the bright blue sea.")

*(Fairies not in sight; at first very soft; then as if
nearer, louder and louder.)*

Over the moonlit earth come the loving elves of wood-
land birth;

Wherever we may go, all, all to us affection show.
 Shout o'er the moonlit earth for the loving elves of
 woodland birth,
 Shout o'er the moonlit earth for the loving elves of
 woodland birth,
 For the loving elves of woodland birth.

SONG.

(*Tune, "We sail the ocean blue."*)

Imps (coming to front of stage).

The fairies bright are seen,
 A crowd of blushing beauty.
 We know they'll find us clean,
 And attentive to our duty.
 Our gorgeous cave's a beauty;
 We're attentive to our duty,
 We're sober imps and true,
 We work for Santa Claus.

SONG.

(*Enter fairies, singing, and skipping on tiptoe, two by two, little ones first. Imps, who have got to right of stage, bow and salute continually as the fairies skip in. They continue skipping up and down in solid mass for a moment after all are in, imps joining.*)

(*Tune, "Gayly tripping," etc.*)

Fairies. Gayly tripping, lightly skipping, flock the
 fairies to the grotto.
 Gayly tripping, lightly skipping, flock the
 fairies to the grotto.
 La, la, la, etc.

Santa. Now give three cheers. I'll lead the way :
Hurrah ! hurrah !

Imps. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurray ! S-a-n-t-a C-l-a-u-s !

(Spelling it after the manner of universities.)

(Tune, " I am the monarch of the seas.")

Santa. I am the king of girls and boys,
The ruler of the Christmas joys,
Whose praise the whole world loudly chants.

Queen. And we are the fairies of the woodland
haunts.

Fairies. And we are the fairies of the woodland
haunts,
The fairies of the woodland haunts.

Santa. When I see a good girl or boy,
My bosom swells with joy ;
And I send them gifts, e'en if poverty
taunts.

Queen. And so do the fairies of the woodland
haunts.

Fairies. And so do the fairies of the woodland
haunts,
The fairies of the woodland haunts.

Santa. But when they are naughty and bad,
I generally go away sad,
And leave them to the fate that their
naughtiness plants.

Queen. And so do the fairies of the woodland
haunts.

Fairies. And so do the fairies of the woodland
haunts,
The fairies of the woodland haunts,
The fairies of the woodland, the fairies of
woodland haunts.

SONG.

(Tune, “*Buttercup.*”)

Queen. O loving workers, safeguards of our Christ-
mas !
We come here to your cave, trusting you’ll
help us,
You’ve power and means, spare all you can
afford
To help the fairies from your mighty hoard.

Chorus (fairies).

Then help the bright fairies, the kind little
fairies ;
Santa’s-*helpers* should never deny.
So help the gay fairies, the sweet little fairies ;

Queen. For the Queen of these fairies am I.
You’ve things that are pretty, — many-a-song
and ditty ;
You’ve candy and trinkets and toys ;
You’ve ribbons and laces and dolls with sweet
faces
To please little maidens and boys ;
You’ve all that is needful, if-you’ll-only be
heedful
Of our wishes and our loving plan.

You've all that's delightful, and it's only
rightful

That you should help *us* all you can.

Chorus (fairies). Then help the, etc.

Santa. Tell us, my dear little fairies, what is it that brings you to our cave to-night? The heart of old Santa and the hearts of these his imps are always ready to serve in a good cause at Christmas.

SONG.

(*Duet, Santa and Queen. Tune, "Merry, merry maiden."*)

Queen. Kind Santa, I've important information.
Sing hey! St. Nick, who does so kindly rule,
From you I want a cordial invitation
To carry to my favorite Sunday school.

Both. You merry, merry { fairy, }
Santa, } (*Repeat.*)
Sing hey! you merry { fairy, } good and true,
Santa, }

Santa. Sweet fairy, in conundrums you are speaking.
Sing hey! you dainty fairy, good and true.
The answers to them vainly I am seeking,
About this favorite Sunday school and you.

Both. Sing hey! etc.

Queen. You've been to see these dear ones times so
many,
The little rogues now want to visit you.
I know you will not have objections any
To granting them this princely favor, too.

Both. Sing hey! etc.

Santa. Sweet fairy, I begin to understand you.
You know I never let my home be seen ;
Yet 't is not in my heart to reprimand you,
You merry, merry, roguish little queen.

Both. Sing hey ! etc.

Santa. My sweet little queen, you're modest in your demands for these cherished little people. And how are these children worthy of this great honor?

Queen (stepping forth). I am Love, the Queen of these fairies. All this year have I dwelt in their hearts, and many and many a kindly deed could I tell of their doing.

2d Fairy. I'm Happiness ; and because Love, our Queen, has reigned in their hearts, I also have been among them, and many a little heart has been blessed by my presence.

3d Fairy. I'm Charity. Let me speak a word, too, to tell how many of their pennies go to help the orphans and the poor ; and (*putting her little finger bashfully in her mouth*), dear old Santa, if any have been naughty and bad, *please* do not go away sad and leave them to the fate that their naughtiness plants. Let us make them *all* glad. So say *I*, Charity.

Fairies (heartily). So say we all of us.

SONG.

(Tune, "*Admiral's Song*," *Pinafore*.)

Santa and imps.

An imp of Santa is a jolly soul, —
As free as a mountain bird.

His heart and soul and hand
Should be ready at command
Of a fairy's slightest word.

Santa. But his foot should stamp,

Imps. And his face should scowl,

Santa. And his breast should heave,

Imps. And his throat should growl,

Santa. His brow should furl,

Imps. And his heart should glow,

All. Should one of these gay helpers disobliging
show,

His foot should stamp, his face should frown,
His breast should heave, his throat should
growl.

His brow should furl, his heart should glow,
Should one of these gay helpers disobliging
show.

All. His eye should flash with a loving fire,
His heart with joy should pant,
He ever should bow low
A sweet fairy's will to know,
Her slightest wish to grant.

Santa. His lip should smile,

Imps. His eye should gleam,

Santa. His cheek should flame,

Imps. His face should beam,

Santa. His eye should flash

Imps. In merriest mood,

All. And *this* should be his customary attitude.

(*Fall gracefully on one knee before the fairies, as at their
service. Fairies acknowledge by graceful courtesy.*)

His lip should smile, his eye should gleam,
His cheek should flame, his face should beam,
His eye should flash in merriest mood,
And *this* should be his customary attitude.

(*As before.*)

Santa. And which is this cherished Sunday school
for which you ask such princely favor?

Queen. The Orthodox* Sunday School in —, —.

Imps. Ha, ha, ha! He will help you, our Santa; for
in his secret soul *he* is Orthodox.*

SONG.

(*Tune, "He is an Englishman."*)

Fairies and Imps.

He is an Orthodox,† — behold him, — he is
an Orthodox.†

For he himself has said it,
And 't is greatly to his credit
That he is an Orthodox.†

For he might have been a Quaker,
A Papist, or a Shaker,
Or, perhaps, a Unitarian (*or an Orthodox*).

But in spite of all temptations
To belong to denominations,
He remains an Orthodox.†
He remains an Orthodox.†

(*Repeat the last four lines.*)

Fairies and Imps. Ha, ha! ha, ha!

(*All laugh heartily at Santa.*)

* Or Methodist or Unitarian, etc.

† A Methodist, Universalist, Unitarian. a Baptist true

Santa. My faithful imps, what say you all?

1st Imp. I'm Gold. I'll work without rest.

2d Imp. I'm Iron. I'll do my level best.

3d Imp. I'm Fire. I'll blaze without a pause.

All the Imps. And we'll all do our best to help you,
Santa Claus.

Santa. So, my dainty little fairies, we shall be ready to receive our guests when they shall arrive. None but your own sweet selves would ever have wrung such a favor from us.

Imps and Fairies (chorus as before).

Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
etc.

(Music strikes up. Each imp offers his arm to a fairy.

They arrange themselves in solid battalion, little ones in front, and, to the music, cross right foot over left, then left over right. The "Racquet" is particularly good music for this light up-and-down movement.)

Curtain.

SCENE III.

SCENE (*Same*), — *Santa's Home.*

Curtain rises on SANTA, Imps, and Fairies, waiting for the arrival of the children.

(Tune, "See, the conquering hero comes." Air of the Full Chorus.)

CHORUS.

All. See, the rosy children come!

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum! (*Repeat.*)

Hasten now, and presents bring,
Songs of greeting to them sing! (*Repeat.*)

See the joyous throng advance,
Triumph in each countenance. (*Repeat.*)
Blithe young hearts, so free from guile,—
Greet them with a welcome smile! (*Repeat.*)

(*The children of the Sunday school file up and across the stage. If there be but one pair of steps, another can easily be improvised. Santa gives each a present. A simple Christmas card, a cornucopia, box, or even lace bag of candy will do. They must be uniform, or so nearly so that no name need be attached, that he may take them as they come; or a certain kind for the small, another for larger, sending, of course, the small ones up first. Names on the presents make great confusion in distributing. Santa can have the presents somehow laden on himself. There are many fanciful ways. With a wide-awake, playful Santa, this will be a most agreeable scene to both audience and children. If not possible for the children to come on the stage, they must pass before it, though it is not nearly so satisfactory. The children must file quietly and immediately into their seats. They can be told before the curtain rises what they will be expected to do.*)

(*Chorus of "I am the captain," etc.*)

Imps. Now give three cheers and one cheer more,
etc.

SONG.

(Tune, "When I was a lad.")

Santa. When I was a lad, I served my youth
As errand boy at the forming of the earth :
I put in the rocks and I stuck down trees,
And I helped make the moon from a big green
cheese.

Fairies and Imps.
And he helped make the moon from a big green
cheese.

Santa. And I ran all the errands so faithfuller
That now I am the ruler of your festivitee.

Fairies and Imps.
He ran all the errands so faithfuller
That now he is the ruler of our festivitee.

Santa. When the earth was done, I raced around,
And plenty of errands to do I found.
I was so happy, and I felt so gay,
That I merrily sang my time away.

Fairies and Imps.
And he merrily sang his time away.

Santa. I did shout and sing so lustilee
That now I am the ruler of your festivitee.

Fairies and Imps.
He did shout and sing so lustilee
That now he is the ruler of our festivitee.

Santa. As errand boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a senior clerk.

I served up the writ of Adam's arrest,
And helped turn him out of his snug, cosey
nest.

Fairies and Imps.

He helped turn him out of his snug, cosey
nest.

Santa. And I did that job so heartilee
That now I am the ruler of your festivitee.

Fairies and Imps.

And he did that job so heartilee
That now he is the ruler of our festivitee.

Santa. I cared not a whit for Adam and his pain;
But soon came along little Abel and Cain.
Then each little boy I loved as a prince,
And I've loved little children ever since.

Fairies and Imps.

And he's loved little children ever since.

Santa. And I loved these children so tenderlee
That now I am the ruler of your festivitee.

Fairies and Imps.

And he loved these children so tenderlee
That now he is the ruler of our festivitee.

Santa (bows). And now, my friends, children,
fairies, all of you; we've had a merry time together.
I hope we shall meet for many and many a Christmas to
come. I and my imps will be always glad to serve you
at Christmas time.

(*Tune as before.*)

Queen. And so will the fairies of the woodland
haunts

Fairies. And so will the fairies of the woodland
haunts.

The fairies of the woodland, the fairies of the
woodland,

The fairies of the woodland haunts.

Imp (*coming forward*). Now let's give three cheers
for Santa ; parents, children, all of us. One.

Audience. Hurrah !

Imp. Two.

Aud. Hurrah !

Imp. Three.

Aud. Hurrah !

Imps. S-a-n-t-a C-l-a-u-s !

(*Finish, as in Scene II., by selecting partners, etc.*)

Curtain.

THE END.

SANTA CLAUS THE FIRST

A Christmas Entertainment

BY

F. E. CHASE

AUTHOR OF "A PERSONAL MATTER," "BABIE," ETC.

CHARACTERS.

CHILDREN.

PETO, *king of Topseyturveydom, aged twelve.*

PETITA, *his queen, aged eleven.*

MUFF, *his lord-high-chamberlain, aged seven.*

TIPPET, *first lady in waiting, aged five.*

NIP, } *the king's guards, aged four.*
TUCK, }

COURTIERS, *boys and girls of various ages and sizes.*

GROWN PEOPLE.

BUMBLEKIN, *afterward Santa Claus.*

JOLLY, } *the royal children.*
POLLY, }

TWO SERVANTS.

COSTUMES.

PETO, PETITA, MUFF, and TIPPET, as well as all the attendant courtiers, are to be dressed like miniature men and women, and as nearly in character as circumstances will permit.

NIP and TUCK may be costumed as policemen. The very smallest children that can be found are to be given these parts, as their effectiveness in representation depends principally on their diminutive size.

BUMBLEKIN must show in his dress evidence of poverty and travel: any old duds will answer. A second dress — the usual Santa Claus costume — is of course to be provided for him.

JOLLY and POLLY, played, as is Bumblekin, by adults, should be costumed as very young children usually are; the more exaggeratedly the better. Both parts are played by *men* of course.

The SERVANTS may be dressed in livery, though this is not essential. They should be selected with especial regard to height, in order to offer as great a contrast as possible to the members of PETO's court.

MUSIC incidental to this piece can be procured of the publishers of SANTA CLAUS THE FIRST, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

"ON WEEK-DAYS AT THE MARKET."

From "La Fille de Mme. Angot."

Price, 30 cents.

"SERVANTS' CHORUS."

From the Finale to the First Act of "Martha."

Complete, \$1.00.

"BABY MINE."

Published in Cundy's Five Cent Series.

Price, 40 cents.

"MY MASTER IS PUNCTUAL."

From Sullivan's "Cox and Box."

Price, 50 cents.

CONSPIRATORS' CHORUS.

From "La Fille de Mme. Angot."

Price, 30 cents.

PROLOGUE.

(Spoken by as small a child as can be found capable of learning it.)

MIDWAY between the moon's two horns there lies
The land of Topseyturveydom, whose skies
Are always pleasant, where it never rains,
Where no one thinks of having aches or pains ;
A land of joy and never-ending mirth,
As different as can be from this earth.
There, boys and girls command and men obey,
And parents do just what their children say.
The king is twelve years old, his queen eleven,
And not a courtier there that's over seven.
Boy generals o'er boyish armies rule,
And nobody but grown folks goes to school.
Throughout that favored realm 'tis always day,
And no one thinks of any thing but play,
Except old people : *they* do all the work,
While children spank them soundly if they shirk.
No dentist dares to show his face, because
The toothache is forbidden by their laws ;
And doctors also are compelled to take,
If they're found out, the nasty pills they make.
There no one has to wash, or comb his hair, —
Yet dirty children are extremely rare, —
And girls and boys sit up till very late,
While all grown folks are sent to bed at eight.
In fact, they nothing but amusement seek :

They go to picnics several times a week,
Parties each night, a circus every day ;
And, best of all, there's not a cent to pay.
Plains there, of pie, and hills, of cake are made,
And all the rivers are of lemonade.
Gum-drops grow wild on trees, and taffy's found
In five-pound boxes lying on the ground.
Base-balls, like plums, and bats, like cornstalks, grow,
While dolls and peg-tops fall instead of snow.
Their peas are marbles ; and, in all their glades,
Grow ivory-handled knives with seven blades.
Their ponds, in winter, freeze to nice ice-cream,
While spoons, like rushes, border every stream ;
With which those happy children eat their fill
Of creams, all summer, without getting ill.
But there ! I've told you quite enough, I fear.
What's that you say ? I don't exactly hear.
You want to hear some more ? Well, then you may,
If you'll but listen to our little play.

SANTA CLAUS THE FIRST.

SCENE. — KING PETO'S court. *The rising of the curtain discloses the king and queen seated at the back of the stage, on their throne. NIP and TUCK, the king's guards, stand, respectively, right and left of the royal pair. A little down the stage, and on the right hand (or king's) side of the scene, is MUFF; similarly placed on the left hand (or queen's) side, is TIPPET. The ladies and gentlemen of the court are disposed at the back and sides of the stage, — the boys on the right, and girls on the left, of the throne. At the extreme left and right of the front of the stage stand two very tall servants. Behind the curtains, at the back of the throne, the Christmas-tree may be placed, ready to be disclosed at the proper time.*

(Chorus. Air, "On Week-days at the Market," sung by Amaranthe, in "La Fille de Mme. Angot.")

ALL. Long live the great King Peto,
 Long live his gracious Queen!
No kinder king than he to
 His subjects e'er was seen.

GIRLS. In bran new clothes,
 And silken hose,
 We girls are all bedight.

BOYS. He lets us play
 At ball all day,
 And pillow-fights all night.

ALL. Topseyturveydom,
 Topseyturveydom,
 Happy land of dolls and toys;
 Loudly sing of it,
 Peto, king of it,
 All his subjects, girls and boys.
 Topseyturveydom,
 etc.; *repeat*.

ALL. Beneath no rule but Peto's
 So many "Fourths" appear,
 Are crackers and torpedoes
 In season all the year.

GIRLS. Yearly, then, he
 Gives as many
 Birthdays as we choose.

BOYS. And allows us
 Long-legged trousers,
 Braces, too, to use.

ALL. Topseyturveydom,
 etc., *as before*.

PETO (*rising*). My lords and ladies all, you do me
 proud.
Still, I must say, if I may be allowed,
I fear I don't deserve your praises quite.

ALL. Yes, yes, you do !

PETO. Yes? Well, perhaps you're right.
I always try to do the best I can,
And always act as best becomes a *man*.

(*Sits.*) But now to business. Let our chamberlain
Read that report of his, and read it plain.

MUFF (*producing a paper*). I'm very sorry, sire, I am
indeed ;
I'd do it gladly, but — I cannot read.

PETO. What ! Is our chamberlain, then, such a fool !

MUFF. Remember, sire, I never went to school.

PETO. True, I forget. For that you've me to thank.
How many pennies in our savings bank ?
You count, I hope ?

MUFF (*producing bank*). Yes, sire, 'tis easy done :
I only have to count as far as one (*rattles bank*).

PETO. But one cent left ! Why, then we're ruined
quite.

Still, we won't let our royal appetite
Be injured by such little things as these ; —
What, varlet, ho ! A gum-drop, if you please.

(*A servant comes from L. with a bag of gum-drops, which
he hands with great show of respect to PETO, who takes
one, and is about to hand the bag back.*)

Take them away.

PETITA (*taking the bag : servant goes back to L., bow-
ing very humbly*). Nay, not so fast, my dear ;
Pray have the decency to pass them here.

PETO. Excuse me, love. And now, our business o'er,
I'll make that speech I've often made before.

(All the courtiers fall asleep, and snore loudly.)

(Rises.) My faithful subjects, as you're all aware,
The people's good should be a king's sole care ;
And, acting on this principle, *your* king
Has always tried to please in every thing.

(QUEEN, MUFF and TIPPET, grow impatient.)

Above all else he strives to never bore —

PETITA. If that's the case, then let him say no more.

PETO. What's that?

MUFF. Ah, sire, your speech delights us ; still,
Why can't you cut it short?

ALL *(waking up)*. Please do !

PETO. I will.

To-day is Christmas, at which time of year
Whate'er my subjects ask is theirs.

ALL. Hear, hear !

PETO. Have any here petitions?

MUFF. Yes, my lord,
Your generals each want a new tin sword.

(Two boys come forward, and bow.)

PETO. They shall have ten apiece. Now, Tippet,
speak.

TIPPET. I'd like a birthday, sire, twice a week.

PETITA. Take four, my dear : you are too modest, far.

PETO. Who next?

A BOY *(stepping forward)*. I'd like a nice sweet-fern
cigar.

ALL. Oh, oh ! *(in tones of astonishment and horror)*.

PETITA. The wretch !

PETO (*coming down stage*). Can I believe my ears?
He thinks of smoking at his tender years !
Guards, do your duty ; drag this man away,
And lock him in the cellar.

NIP AND TUCK. We obey.

(*Coming down and seizing boy during prelude.*)

(*Chorus. Air, "Chorus of Servants," from the finale to
the first act of "Martha."*)

GIRLS (*indignantly*). Serve him right, too ;
 He is quite too
 Presuming, thus
 To talk to us.
 No gentleman
 Would ever plan
 Such speeches e'en in joke.

BOYS (*each slyly holding up a sweet-fern cigar, confidentially*).
 Yes, it's awful,
 And unlawful
 To puff, we know,
 Strong tobacco ;
 But we've to learn
 That nice sweet fern
 Is not the thing to smoke.

ENSEMBLE.

GIRLS. Ladies never, never, Such a habit can excuse. Next time he'll endeavor, P'raps, to mind his P's and Q's.	BOYS (<i>showing cigars</i>). Lock him up, however : We his crime can't well excuse. Next time he'll endeavor, P'raps, to mind his P's and Q's.
---	---

PETO. Away with him who thus our anger dares,
To darkest dungeon 'neath the cellar stairs,
Where rats and beetles dwell.

BOY (*imploringly*). Have mercy, sire !

PETO. Give him no supper, guards, or fear our ire,
And take away his marbles, top, and ball.
I hope I'm not too harsh? (*To the courtiers.*)

ALL. Oh ! not at all.

(NIP and TUCK drag away the boy, struggling.)

PETO (*going up*). Then, friends, if you've no more
requests to make,
We'll have our children in, if they're awake,
And in the good old way our Christmas keep.

(*Calls to servant, R., who is nodding.*)

What, sirrah, ho ! Confound him, he's asleep.
Pray wake him up.

(*Boys stick pins in servant, who wakes and comes forward.*)

(*Sitting down.*) So knave, I caught you napping.
For this, to-morrow, you shall have a strapping.

(*Servant appeals, in action.*)

Be silent, sir ! Don't bandy words with me :
Go light the candles on our Christmas-tree.

(*The two servants go behind curtains at back.*)

You, Tippet, bring to us our children sweet.

(TIPPET goes out, L.)

PETITA (*calls*). Be careful, Tippet, lest they wet their
feet.

PETO. Now, Muff, the Christmas presents.

MUFF. Never fear,
Nothing's forgotten. See, I have them here.

(Hands two huge woollen stockings full of parcels.)

PETO *(takes them and gives one to PETITA : both then get up, and stand in their chairs)*. Then all is ready.

PETITA. Hark ! They're here. What joy !
(TIPPET enters, L., leading JOLLY and POLLY by the hand.)

POLLY. Papa ! *(Running to PETO.)*

JOLLY. Mamma ! *(Running to PETITA.)*

PETO *(embracing POLLY)*. My child !

PETITA *(embracing JOLLY)*. My darling boy !

MUFF. All give three cheers !

ALL. Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

PETO. What is to-day, my child ?

POLLY. Why, Christmas, pa.

TIPPET. How bright the darling is. A perfect sage.

MUFF. Besides, how very well-grown for her age.

PETITA. What presents would you like, my dears ?
Confess.

JOLLY. I'd like a meerschaum pipe.

POLLY. I, a silk dress.

PETO. You shall have every thing you wish, my dear,
For Christmas Day can come but once a year.

(Duet. Air, "Baby Mine.")

(PETO and PETITA take the stockings, and produce parcels from them when the words of the song demand it.)

PETO *(sings)*. Here's a bustle and a bonnet *(hands parcel)*,
Polly mine, Polly mine.

PETITA. Here's a cane with tassels on it (*hands parcel*),
Jolly mine, Jolly mine.

PETO. Here's a pair of pearl ear-drops (*parcel*).

PETITA. Here's a razor and some strops (*parcel*).

BOTH. And a pretty horse and buggy,
Baby mine, baby mine,
And a pretty horse and buggy,
Baby mine.

(Both fondle children during symphony.)

PETITA (*sings*). Here's a pipe, your own selection (*gives parcel*),
Jolly mine, Jolly mine.

PETO (*sings*). Here's some rouge for your complexion (*parcel*),
Polly mine, Polly mine.

PETITA. Here are driving-gloves a pair (*parcel*).

PETO. Here's a switch of nice false hair (*parcel*).

BOTH. And a house and lot extensive,
Baby mine, baby mine,
And a house and lot extensive,
Baby mine.

(All applaud, PETO and PETITA bow acknowledgments.)

PETO. Now give your pa a kiss.

POLLY (*kissing him*). Yes, pa.

PETO. One more.

POLLY. No, no : you mussed my hair enough before.

(Arranging hair.)

PETO. Fie, child, to thus your loving father treat !
Still, I must say, I like to see you neat.

*(KING and QUEEN clamber down, and sit on their thrones ;
JOLLY and POLLY R. and L. of them.)*

(*To court.*) Now, friends, let mirth and pleasure reign
supreme.

The happy Christmas time — the darling dream
Of all our year — is once again come true.
Sing, dance, laugh, any thing that pleases you :
No longer am I king, so don't mind me ;
A greater monarch reigns, — the Christmas-tree.

(*All cheer.*)

All ready, Muff?

MUFF. Yes, sire.

PETO (*rising, waving sceptre*). Then begin !

(*As MUFF is about to draw curtains, a noise is heard
outside.*)

But stay a minute. What's that frightful din?

MUFF (*goes down and looks off R.*). A stranger, sire,
is struggling with your guards.

PETO. We take our ease just now : till afterwards
All business waits.

MUFF (*looking off*). But, sire, he will be seen.

PETO. Why, what the dickens does the fellow mean?
Does he know who we are? He sha'n't, I say.

MUFF. Too late : your guards are bringing him this way.
Some dentist, sire, perhaps. (*Goes up.*)

PETO. I do not doubt it.

Well, let him come ; but please be quick about it.
Pray take away our children, Tippet dear :
Things may be said that they ought not to hear.

(*TIPPET takes their hands, and leads them L.*)

JOLLY AND POLLY. No, no : we want to stay. (*Resisting.*)

PETO. Are we obeyed,
Or not? Away !

MUFF (*TIPPET leads children off L., weeping*). Here comes the renegade.

(*Music plays a "hurry :"* NIP and TUCK enter rapidly, R., dragging between them BUMBLEKIN, whom they hurl, of course with his connivance, on the stage before the throne : chord.)

PETO. Upon what charge is he arrested, guards?

NIP. For too fast driving on the boulevards. (*TIPPET returns.*)

PETO. Driving ! A horse?

(BUMBLEKIN rises with difficulty, and anxiously examines a book which he carries.)

TUCK. Your honor, no : — a trade.

PETO. Oho ! An old offender, I'm afraid (*to BUMBLEKIN*).

Come, sir, your name and business ; don't be long (*sits*).

BUMBLEKIN. I'll tell you both, your honor, in a song.

(*Goes down : music plays a prelude.*)

SONG.

(*Air, "My master is punctual," &c., from "Cox and Box," by Burnand and Sullivan.*)

My name is John Bumblekin, time of life, thirty-two.

Gentleman born, although seedy and dirty too ;

Business, simply to try and insert a new

Work on arithmetic into your schools.

(During symphony he approaches courtiers R. and L., and shows them his sample-book: all stop up their ears, and turn away.)

'Tis printed and bound in a style most æsthetical,
Up to the times, — nay, I may say prophetical, —
And, let me add in a clause parenthetical,
Ten per cent. discount is always our rule.

(Business, as before.)

'Tis written for all, so extensive its knowledge is,
Children in nurseries, students in colleges;
So, if you're wise, without further apologies
Strike at the iron before it gets cool.

(Business, as before; this time to the king and queen.)

PETO. Guards, seize him! Bind him! Stop his fluent
tongue,

For nothing else but treason has he sung.
Our laws forbid alike both school and college,
And hold as traitors all possessing knowledge.
Quick, seize him! (*NIP and TUCK do so.*)

BUMBLEKIN. Mercy, king; I didn't know
You moon-folks hated education so.
I am a stranger here, — have mercy, pray.

PETO. I'd be delighted, but — 'tis Christmas Day,
When every offence against our State
Is doubly punished, being doubly great.

BUMBLEKIN. Christmas? What's that? A name I
never heard.

(All horrified.)

PETO. Treason on treasons! Not another word.
Away with him!

PETITA. Nay, nay : give me the floor.
From what land come you, friend? What far-off shore,
That never heard of Christmas, gave you birth?

BUMBLEKIN. Far off, you may well say : I'm from the earth.

PETITA. The earth? I know : we see it every night,
A big, round ball of silver-colored light.
Dear me ! How came you here ?

BUMBLEKIN. I had to climb
The rainbow, ma'am.

PETO. That must have taken time.

BUMBLEKIN. A weary while, my lord : I'd recommend
You try some other route if you descend.

PETITA. Poor man ! But how about this earth below ? Have they no Christmas there ?

BUMBLEKIN. I do not know
At all what Christmas is.

MUFF. The precious fool !
Nice chap to talk of sending *us* to school.

PETITA. Why, Christmas is a day, o'er all the rest
The happiest, the nicest, and the best ;
A day of peace and pudding, jam and joy,
And countless gifts for every girl and boy ;
When quarrels are forgot, ill nature stilled,
And socks with sweets, instead of feet, are filled.
Have earth-folks no such day?

BUMBLEKIN. No, none, I fear.
Does it come often?

PETITA. Only once a year.
To-day is Christmas.

BUMBLEKIN. Well, I'm grieved to say
I never in my life knew such a day.

ALL. Poor man !

PETO (*softened*). You have our deepest pity, sir.

PETITA. There are, on earth, no children, I infer.

BUMBLEKIN. No children ! Bless your souls, we've
lots and lots.

Why, I myself have several little tots.

PETITA. You've children, and no Christmas !

ALL. What a shame !

BUMBLEKIN. Not one ; and more, we never heard the
name.

(All the courtiers express in action astonishment and sympathy.)

PETITA. This is the saddest thing I ever heard (*to*
PETO).

Allow me, sire, with you to have a word (*they converse*).

MUFF. You've birthdays, sir, I hope ?

BUMBLEKIN. Oh ! lots of them ;
And " July Fourths," and Sunday School — ahem.

(Recollecting himself.)

PETITA. I think we really ought.

PETO. Ought ! Nay, we must.
Think of those poor earth-folks : 'tis only just.
(*Rises.*) Beloved subjects, there's no need to tell
Our royal mind : you guess it all too well.
I see the tears that fill your tender eyes
At this sad tale : I know you sympathize

With those poor children in the world below,
Who neither Christmas-trees nor Christmas know.
Shall we, on whom so many blessings fall,
Allow those others to have none at all?
No, no ! Since we have every thing we need,
Let's send to *them* our Christmas-tree.

ALL (*enthusiastically*).

Agreed !

PETO. And do without *our* Christmas Day until
Another year. Will you consent?

ALL.

We will !

PETO (*to* BUMBLEKIN). You hear them, friend? This,
then, is our decree ;
We pardon you your crime, and set you free.

(NIP and TUCK release BUMBLEKIN, and go up to either
side of the throne, as before.)

But, in return, one favor we must ask ;
Become our messenger, — an easy task, —
To tell of Christmas in the world below.
Do you consent? Come, is it yes, or no?

BUMBLEKIN. 'Tis yes, a thousand times, most gladly,
king :

You couldn't ask a more congenial thing.

PETO. Why, then, 'tis settled. You shall have our tree,
And shall be called forever — let me see.

MUFF. Why, Santa Claus, my lord.

PETO.

The very thing.

I dub you Santa Claus the First. Now bring
A proper dress, and lots of sweets and toys, —
King Peto's gift to earthly girls and boys.

(MUFF, TIPPET, *and others, go after dress, &c.*)

BUMBLEKIN. Thanks, mighty king. Not only once
I'll be

Your messenger, but every year shall see
A Santa Claus, as long as I shall live.

PETO. Why, then, eternal life, my Santa Claus, I give.
Go, spread our Christmas tidings near and far.
Long live old Santa Claus !

ALL.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

(MUFF *and others return with traditional Santa-Claus
dress, basket, &c.*)

PETO. We've only now to dress him for his part.

BUMBLEKIN (*looking at his own clothes*). I'll welcome
something *new* with all my heart.

(*During following chorus, BUMBLEKIN is dressed by the
boys and girls as Santa Claus.*)

(*Chorus. Air, "Conspirators' Chorus," from "La Fille
de Mme. Angot," while MUFF, TIPPET, and others, are
putting on his wig, beard, hat, coat, &c.*)

ALL. A fur-trimmed mantle and a snow-white beard,
And a furry turban on his head upreared,
Is the dress, to every childish heart endeared,
Which custom's laws
Give Santa Claus.

BOYS (*while several kneel, and fit on his shoes*).

Fur shoes, too ;
He's used to
In such stand.

GIRLS (*while several fit gloves upon his hands*).

Fur gloves, too,
He loves to
Keep on hand.

ALL (*as they fasten basket on his back, and fill it with presents*).

Then, over all, his basket sightly
Must be strongly bound, and tightly,
Brimming o'er with sweets and toys.
Then, over all, his basket sightly
Must be strongly bound, and tightly,
Brimming o'er with dolls for girls and toys for boys.

BOYS. With dolls for girls.

GIRLS. And toys for boys.

ALL. With dolls for girls, and toys for boys.

(*Children draw the curtains which conceal the Christmas-tree, the throne having been removed quietly during chorus; then all go off R. and L., on tiptoe, singing softly, —*)

A fur-trimmed mantle and a snow-white beard, &c.

(*Music dying away in the distance.*)

BUMBLEKIN (*fully occupied with examining his new dress, does not notice their departure: as the music dies away he speaks, coming down*).

New hat, new coat, new every thing. Well, well,
Upon my soul, I'm cutting quite a swell.
It almost seems like some condition dreamy:
I'd like to see myself as others see me. (*Turning.*)
Have you a mirror handy? No one here?
Now, when, and where to, did they disappear?
I must be dreaming, surely: let me see.

(Pinches himself.)

No, no, I'm not. Why, there's the Christmas-tree !
Where can I be? Now, Bumblekin, keep cool.

(Looks about.)

Back home again, and in some Sunday school !
Ah ! I remember, — Bumblekin is dead,
And Santa Claus the First lives in his stead ;
So now to business. Santa Claus presents
King Peto's kind regards and compliments,
And begs that you'll accept his bounty free, —
His Christmas presents and his Christmas-tree.

(Proceeds to distribute presents from the tree.)

THE
BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS

A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

BY

E. C. W.

AUTHOR OF "SANTA CLAUS AT HOME"

REMARKS.

THIS little play is written for the use of persons wishing at Christmas some very simple entertainment which a few can execute, and which will be short, easy of performance, and inexpensive. Do not be afraid to select and trust quite young children to do their parts. The author has had much experience with young children, and they always more than fulfil expectations. Work easily and quietly with them, and do not rehearse them too much. Instruct them to speak clearly, loudly, and slowly. Never, no matter if the speech be of but one word, let them hurry; and always make a good opportunity for their little speeches, and give them *time* enough to have full effect. A child young enough to sit in a high-chair, and be given a rattle and other playthings, will add very much to the picturesqueness of the piece, and will give good opportunity for grouping and occupying the other children. The child may be called "baby," even if quite old, if it is somewhat small.

COPYRIGHT, 1884,

BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

All rights reserved.

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. ROBERT CHESTER. — A wealthy, hot-tempered, but kind-hearted bachelor.

MRS. WILTON. — A poor widow with a family of small children. She proves to be Mr. Chester's sister.

HARRY. — Mrs. Wilton's oldest child.

REX, DAISY, DOTTY, and BABY. — Her other children.

A serving-boy.

HARRIET. — A maid.

COSTUMES.

MR. CHESTER always as comfortably and stylishly dressed as is possible.

MRS. WILTON and the children very poorly, with clothing neat but patched, until the last scene, when they must be gotten up to look as pretty and stylish as possible.

Time, less than an hour.

PROLOGUE.

(Before the curtain. Enter DAISY and DOTTY: trip to the middle of stage.)

DOTTY.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to you all!
Merry Christmas, fathers, mothers;
Merry Christmas, sisters, brothers;
To big folks and to small.

DAISY.

We can wish it, *you* must make it.
In the *heart* the merry grows:
From the heart the face must take it,
Till with Christmas joy it glows.

DAISY and DOTTY.

So Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to you all!
Merry Christmas, fathers, mothers;
Merry Christmas, sisters, brothers;
To big folks and to small.

A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

SCENE I.

Street. Two days before Christmas. Enter MR. CHESTER. He is muffled up very warm and comfortable looking.

MR. CHESTER (*searching for something on the ground*). Fool! Idiot! To lose a pocket-book at my age! I must be getting into my dotage. Br-r-r! How cold it is! A curse on the malicious fates! I shall never see that money and those valuable papers again. You can stake your — (*Stops suddenly on looking up, and seeing HARRY watching him. HARRY'S clothes are patched; he has no overcoat; a tippet around his neck. He has his hands in pockets, and keeps his feet in motion to keep them warm.*) Hullo, youngster! What are you spying after, I should like to know? Haven't you any thing better to do than to stand around poking fun at your betters?

HARRY. I'm not poking fun, sir.

MR. C. Well, just let me know why you constitute yourself a spy on gentlemen's movements. Hey! Get out of my way, I say, young impudence (*lifts his*

cane threateningly at him. HARRY dodges). What do you want around here, anyway?

HARRY. I thought you seemed to be looking for something, sir.

MR. C. Well, and if I was looking for something? Isn't that my privilege, sir? Be off, I say! (*Suddenly changing tone, as an idea strikes him.*) I say, little boy, you haven't found any thing, have you?

HARRY. Yes, sir: I found a pocket-book with a lot of money in it.

MR. C. (*irritably*). Well, now you talk business. (*Angrily.*) But why don't you give it to me, and not stand gaping there? I suppose you want to chaffer about the reward. Hand it over, I say! (*Strikes the ground angrily with his cane.*) Hand it over. You need have no fears. I shall pay you handsomely.

HARRY. But mother said I was to be sure it was the right man, 'cause there's ever so much money in it.

MR. C. True. Your mother is right. Of course, of course. But I *am* the right man, you see: so you may give it to me.

HARRY. But mother said I must ask the man his name; for there's a whole bunch of his cards in it.

MR. C. Why, of course! What a dolt I am! I'm acting like the impatient idiot that I am, and the boy keeps his temper like a gentleman. (*Bending down pleasantly to HARRY.*) My name is Robert Chester. Now, is that the name in the pocket-book?

HARRY. Yes, sir; that is the name.

MR. C. Well, then, now you will give me the pocket-book, won't you, like a nice little boy?

HARRY. But I haven't got it.

MR. C. Fury and lightning! Haven't got it! Then where in — Ah-ahem (*bending pleasantly down to the boy again*). Where is it, then, my little man?

HARRY. Mother's got it. She says I'm too little to carry around such a lot of money. I'll go right home and get it. (*He starts to go.*)

MR. C. That's true, of course. Your mother is right again. Here, wait. I'll give you my card, so your business-like mother will be satisfied (*puts his hand in overcoat-pocket for his pocket-book, then suddenly recollecting*). Oh, I forget! my cards are in my con— Ah, in my lost pocket-book, you know, of course. Here (*he finds a scrap of paper in one of his pockets, writes his name on it, and gives it to HARRY*). There, that will do. How far do you live?

HARRY. Just around the corner. I'll be back in two jiffies. (*He runs off.*)

MR. C. (*solo*). Now, I wonder how long the chap will be gone. I haven't half-a-dozen wits about me, or I should have gone with him. Br-r-r! How cold it is! Ah, here comes the boy! He's spry, that's a fact. One *must* be, this weather, or freeze. (*Enter HARRY, out of breath.*) See here, youngster, are you crazy? Don't you know it's cold weather?

HARRY (*staring in surprise*). Sir!

MR. C. I say, it's a stinger of a day. Why don't you wear your overcoat?

HARRY. I haven't any overcoat. I've got this big tippet, though.

MR. C. Nonsense! Now, what a reasonable yarn

that is! Haven't any overcoat, such weather as this! That's likely, *that* is. Why doesn't your stupid father get you one?

HARRY (*a little proudly*). I haven't any father, and my father *wasn't* stupid.

MR. C. I beg your pardon. Of course he wasn't. (*Aside.*) *I'm* the stupid one. No father at all! that's shocking really, and such a baby too! (*To boy.*) But aren't you cold, you know?

HARRY. A little bit, sometimes; but when I'm big I'll earn me an overcoat.

MR. C. (*aside*). Hear him, now! D'ye s'pose he's too *poor* to have a coat? On honor, I've heard them *tell* of such things; but no, it's absurd, it can't be. Not to have an overcoat, such weather as *this*! (*To boy.*) Well, little boy, did you bring my pocket-book? If you did, I'm thinking you've earned yourself an overcoat without waiting till you're big.

HARRY. Mother says she is sorry to trouble you, sir; but I'm not very big, and, as it's only a step, she would feel safer if she gave it to you herself.

MR. C. Bah! another delay. I was a fool not to go with you in the first place. After all, she is right. Come along, my man. (*Exeunt* MR. CHESTER and HARRY.)

SCENE II.

MRS. WILTON'S home. *Very poor and desolate looking. The pocket-book lies half-open on a pine table. The children, excepting HARRY, gathered around the table, intent upon the pocket-book. MRS. WILTON aside, holding in her hand the piece of paper HARRY brought from MR. CHESTER.*

REX. Oh my buttons! Just look, Daisy! See the piles of money. My eyes! I wish it was ours. We'd have the big turkey that's hanging up down to Smith's for Christmas dinner, wouldn't we though? 'n' cran-b'ries, 'n' nuts, 'n' all the fixings. (*They peep at it excitedly, but do not touch it.*)

MRS. W. (*apart, looking at the paper in her hands*). Robert Chester! my own brother. And this was written by his own hand! What will he be like? (*Greatly agitated.*) Will he know me? No, no, he will not know me. Twelve long years of poverty have changed me so! How I tremble at thought of meeting him again!

DAISY (*going to her mother*). Mamma, would you know how to cook a great big turkey?

REX. 'Cause if you would, mamma, keep the money, 'n' we can buy the one hanging up down to Smith's, 'n' have some more coal, 'n' be warm. Keep it, mother: I would. Harry found it, 'n' I think it's ours.

MRS. W. Hush, dears: you do not know what you are saying. The money isn't ours. Hark! they are

coming. (*Aside.*) Heaven help me! I tremble like a leaf.

(*Steps outside. HARRY rushes in, runs up to his mother, and speaks hastily.*)

HARRY. He's cross as a bear, mother, but don't you be afraid. He's all right. (*Rushes back, shows in MR. CHESTER.*) Mamma, this is Mr. Chester. He's the man who lost the pocket-book.

MR. C. (*very much embarrassed*). Your son, madam, ahem — your boy here — ahem! (*He looks in wonder around the room.*) You don't mean to say, madam, that you live here!

MRS. W. Yes, sir: this is our home. (*Aside.*) He doesn't know me! It is cruel — cruel!

MR. C. But really, madam (*still looking around*), ahem — I beg your pardon, it's none of my affairs, you know; but — ah — well, ahem — ah — What I mean is, you know, I shouldn't think you'd like it.

MRS. W. (*aside*). Poor Robert! He's no idea of poverty. How should he have? He has always lived in luxury. (*To MR. CHESTER.*) It's the best I can do for them, sir. My family is large, and I have no husband and no money.

MR. C. Hm! Really! Possible! I'd no idea, you know, it was so bad. We give a good deal of money to 'em for the poor; really we do indeed, madam, and you ought to have some of it. Of course you ought. Hm! (*Excited.*) It's shocking you haven't. It is really, you know.

MRS. W. (*aside*). My own brother, and he *will* not know me. And *he* has changed too. It seems impossible that this is my bright brother Bob.

MR. C. And your boy found my pocket-book. I am the right man, madam. Indeed, you may believe me.

MRS. W. (*giving him the pocket-book*). Certainly I believe you, and I am very glad my son was able to do you the service.

MR. C. Yes, yes. And what shall I—you know what I mean—ah—What's the right thing to pay him for his honesty, you know? How much do you want?

MRS. W. (*proudly*). We want *no* pay, sir, for being honest. Honesty is its own reward.

MR. C. (*nervously*). Why, yes, of course, madam; of course, without doubt. That's a very sublime sentiment,—very, and I approve of it perfectly, perfectly, madam; (*turning to HARRY*) but look here, young man, you know, set your own price, and you needn't be at all bashful.

HARRY. Mother is right. I will not be paid for being honest.

MR. C. (*striking his cane angrily on the floor*). Confusion to your fine sentiments! You little simpleton, I say you *shall* be paid. Gods and heroes! Do you think you're to do me a service like that, and not be paid for it? (*The children start back when he strikes his cane, the smallest one clinging to its mother.*)

DAISY (*coming forward in front of MR. CHESTER, and stamping her little foot vigorously, and looking up in his face*). Harry isn't a simpleton, and you're a naughty, bad man. Harry sha'n't take whatever he don't want to—so now! (*Stamps again.*)

MR. C. (*frowning down at DAISY a moment, then upon all the rest, suddenly bursts into a laugh*). Ha, ha, ha! You pretty baby! What do you know about it, — you? See here, baby, wouldn't you like a lot of money? now say, *wouldn't* you?

DAISY. 'Nuff to buy the big turkey hanging up down to Smif's?

DOTTY. 'N' some candy dogs 'n' horses?

REX. 'N' me a big tippet like Harry's?

MR. C. That's it exactly, my cherubs: you've hit it plum. And your little fool of a brother won't take the money. Now, what do you say to that?

DAISY (*stamping again*). Harry *isn't* a fool-verbrover, and if Harry doesn't want us to have 'em we don't want 'em. (*Wags her head at him defiantly, and goes to HARRY.*) Won't you let the man give us some money? *Please* do, Harry dear, and we'll have a nice big fire, and be warm. It's cold.

MR. C. (*winces as he looks at the fire*). Shades! It's only the ghost of a fire.

DOTTY. An' we'll be rich, Hally.

REX. *Do*, Hal. Let him. We need the money more'n he does.

HARRY (*to Mr. CHESTER*). When I found your pocket-book, sir, I was going over to do some errands for Smith. He was going to give me half a dollar. I lost the job waiting round for you. You could pay me the half-dollar, if you please, sir, — just for my time, you see.

MR. C. Ha, ha! You are a regular little business man, *you* are. Really, I like that, after all. And

what were you going to do with your half-dollar, pray?

HARRY. Mother and I were going to get some little presents to put in the children's stockings.

MR. C. (*very much amused*). The children's stockings! That goes ahead of every thing yet. And aren't you one of the children yourself, pray?

HARRY. Oh, yes! but I'm the big one, you know; and — and father told me to help mother take care of the littler ones.

MR. C. (*aside, very much affected*). And what could you buy for the little ones, my man, with your fifty cents?

HARRY (*brightly*). Oh, lots of things! A tippet for Rex; and there's lots of cunning little things for the girls at Carter's, for only five cents apiece; and then some candy, (*hastening to explain*) just the very least bit, you know, sir, to tuck way, way down in the toes.

MR. C. Well, my boy, here's your fifty cents (*giving him a silver half-dollar*); and you've earned it, my boy, indeed you have (*brushes his eyes excitedly*). You are a good boy, a *very* good boy. (*Turning to Mrs. WILTON; the children all examine HARRY's half-dollar.*) Madam, you ought to be proud of your son: he's a man, every inch of him. I'm a cross, crusty old bach; but I've got half an eye, and I can see they are fine children, all of 'em. And now, madam, be kind enough to take this money (*lays a bill on the table*), and buy them some nice Christmas presents. (*Mrs. W. makes a motion of refusing.*) No, no, my dear madam!

it is not to pay your honesty ; no, indeed (*pompously*), certainly not. It would be absurd, it would be an insult, to offer anybody pay for being honest, — ahem (*embarrassed*), ah — ah — of course it would. I agree with you. It's only a Christmas present to your good little children ; just exactly, madam, just exactly as I would give Christmas presents to my little nephews any nieces if I had any. Yes — ah — that's it ; I agree with you perfectly, you know.

MRS. W. (*aside*). Oh, it is cruel ! Why *will* he not know they *are* his nephews and nieces ? I will tell him. (*Starts to attract his attention, but her courage fails.*) No, no, I cannot : I have not the courage. It is enough just to have seen his dear face : I will be satisfied.

MR. C. Good-day, madam. (*To HARRY.*) Good-day, my fine boy. Good-day, all of you. A — a — merry Christmas ; yes, merry Christmas, that's the way they say it, and I trust you'll have it. You'll hear from me again, madam ; yes indeed, of course. I wouldn't let it end there. Good-day. (*Exit.*)

MRS. W. My brother ! my brother Bob, and he is gone, actually gone ! It is too cruel ! I cannot bear it. I was wrong, I was wrong ! I should have told him. He is hasty, but he is not hard-hearted. He would have taken care of my little ones ; and now he is gone, and I know not where. (*Buries face in her pocket-handkerchief. The children gather, some about baby, some about HARRY and his money.*)

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE III.

MR. CHESTER'S room in hotel. *Enter MR. CHESTER in his costume of Scene I. and II.*

MR. C. (*throws his gloves on the table with an emphatic gesture*). Really, I wouldn't have believed it. It doesn't seem possible, such poverty as that. Right under our very eyes, too! Well (*proudly*), I've always given them all the money they've asked me for, for charitable purposes, — every cent. I've never been grudging. It's a comfortable reflection, that is, — a very comfortable reflection. (*Hangs his overcoat on the nail while talking, then takes off his boots, and puts on slippers. He takes off his inside coat, and in an absent-minded way throws it into the corner of the room, and tries to hang his boots on the nail.*) Well, really! What an old dotard I'm getting to be! Here I am hanging up my boots, and throwing my coat in the corner. (*He puts them right.*) Strange I cannot get these people out of my mind! I didn't believe I had such a thing as a heart. I thought it was dried and withered all to nothing. And here I find I have one, and it is stirred through and through. Bah! I'm getting weak and feminine. I sent them the turkey. I'll send them fifty or a hundred dollars, and forget all about them. Really, it's absurd to allow myself to be so weak. (*Rings the bell, and, picking up a paper, seats himself to read. Enter boy. He takes no notice. Boy waits respectfully. Looks up.*) Dolt! Don't you see

those boots? Well, and haven't you eyes to see that they need blacking? (*Exit boy with boots.*) My mind reverts continually to Mary. My pretty sister Mary! Perhaps she is alone in the world like this woman, — alone and poor, with half a dozen children to care for. God forgive me! I was a beast to turn her away because she married a poor man, — I (*blubbing*), I who was all she had after father and mother died. What a beast I was! I'm a criminal. I'll give myself to the authorities to be hung. (*Blows his nose, and paces the stage excitedly.*) What weakness and folly is this! (*Fiercely.*) It was her own fault. What *right* had she to marry a man without a cent in his pocket? I gave her her choice, — her own brother, or poverty. She chose the poverty, — she freely and deliberately chose the poverty. It is her own fault — not mine. (*Seats himself savagely in a chair, and tries to read. A few notes of piano in an adjoining apartment are heard, then a voice sings, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," etc. Throws paper angrily down. Singing continues.*) Thrum, thrum, thrum! They are at that eternal rehearsal again. I suppose they will keep that up till after Christmas (*pacing excitedly up and down the stage*). No one ought to be allowed to disturb people's peace in this fashion. If they must keep up such a racket, they ought to be made to get off by themselves. (*Sits down, and gradually begins to listen. Song stops. A few lingering notes on the piano.*) "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" I know I shall never know peace on earth again till I find my sister Mary, and find her I will. (*Gets up excited again,*

pounds the table with his fist.) When Robert Chester says he will do a thing, it is done ; and before Heaven I say I will find her ! Marry a poor man, indeed ! Why should she not marry a poor man if she chooses ? I admire her pluck for doing it. Wouldn't I marry a poor woman if it pleased my will ? Bast ! (*Soberly and with great feeling.*) But poor Mary ! Perhaps she is like this woman — who knows ? How do I know her husband is still living ? Twelve years ! He's had time enough to die a dozen times. But (*vehemently pounding the table with his fist*) I say I will find Mary. I'll—I'll—I'll be her slave. (*Blubbers. Enter boy.*)

Boy. Did you call me ?

MR. C. (*angrily*). Did I ring ?

Boy. You pounded, sir.

MR. C. (*fiercely*). Well, hasn't a man the privilege in this hotel of pounding without being called to task for it ? Go ! (*Exit boy.*) But how to find my poor Mary ? I have it ! I'll advertise. (*Picks up piece of paper, takes pencil from pocket, and writes "Lost."*) Lost, lost ! No, that won't do (*crosses it, and writes again*). Strayed, *strayed* ! I should say she was a cow (*crosses it out*). I'm an idiot. I'll employ a detective. No, that's worse yet. I should hope she isn't a thief or a murderer. (*Throws down pencil, scowls, and thinks a moment. Suddenly starts up in great excitement, and rushes up and down the stage.*) Know-nothing ! Fool ! Idiot ! No wonder the voice thrilled me ! No wonder my dead heart came to life again ! It's Mary. It's Mary herself ! Heaven forgive me ! Have I let her come to this ? I did not know ; I—I

—how should I, — how *should* I know it was so bad? But no, no, it isn't Mary. It can't be! Mary was rosy and plump and beautiful; and this woman — But twelve years! Twelve years of *such* living! No wonder she is changed! (*Flies around excitedly.*) But I'll get her — I'll get her and her children this instant. (*Looks for his boots, and rings bell.*) Strange she did not know me, — very strange! (*Blubbers.*) And I'll be a father to her children. I'll — (*Enter boy.*) You scoun — (*Aside.*) Wait! If I'm to be a father to Mary's babies, I must stop that sort of thing. (*Aloud to boy.*) I say, will you please be kind enough to bring me my boots? and (*fiercely*) mind you are not half an hour about it either. (*Exit boy.*) This Christmas will find me a changed man. (*Puts on his overcoat energetically.*) What a wretch I've been! What a blind-eyed, crusty old cosseter of myself I've been! But it's ended. I — (*Enter boy; he puts down boots, looks shyly at MR. CHESTER, and exit. MR. CHESTER sits down, and tries to put on his boots.*) I'm an old — old — I never knew before a man couldn't put on his boots with his overcoat on. (*Throws off overcoat, puts on boots very rapidly, draws on mittens, puts on hat, and picks up cane.*) I always thought Christmas was a regular bore, but I believe I'm getting on a thorough Christmas spirit myself. (*Cutely to audience.*) Send 'em fifty or a hundred dollars, and forget them! ha, ha! I made a joke that time, didn't I? Ha, ha! (*Exit smartly.*)

SCENE IV.

MRS. WILTON'S home. *A big turkey lying on the table.*

The children gathered around the turkey in delight.

MRS. WILTON *sitting thoughtfully apart.*

HARRY (*pulling the turkey by one leg, the better to examine it*). It is, it's the big turkey that was hanging up at Smith's. I know him sure: I've looked at him so *many* times, wishing we could have him.

DAISY. And now we've got him!

REX. Who do you s'pose sent him?

DAISY. That man, *of course.*

HARRY. Oh! but he's a fat fellow. My eyes! I wish he was baked.

MRS. W. (*aside*). He's a kind man if he is gruff. I wish I had had the courage to tell him I am his sister. He is rich. Perhaps he would have taken care of us. Oh, my poor husband, my poor dear husband! (*Puts her head on the table, with her face in her handkerchief. The children go toward her.*)

DAISY. Mamma, dear mamma, what is it? Please tell us. Aren't you glad we've got a turkey, and lots of money? Don't, mamma dear, don't cry. We were so poor yesterday, and now we are rich.

REX. Say, mamma, *are* we rich now? and what makes you cry?

HARRY. I know. She is thinking of papa. I've been thinking of him too. But mamma (*anxiously*) it'll be Christmas in two days, you know; and oughtn't

we to make it as merry as we can,—just for the children?

MRS. W. Just for the children! You dear, brave, tiny little man! How would mamma ever get on without you? (*Takes HARRY's face between her hands, and kisses it.*) Yes, we will make it merry. You must all hang up your stockings to-morrow night, and I don't believe Santa Claus will forget you. To-morrow afternoon you will be good children, and take care of the house; and I will go down town, and spend (*holds up finger merrily at them*) — you know what! (*Children dance, and clap their hands.*) And it will all be secret; and you must shut your eyes when I come home, and not ask any questions. And then Christmas morning! ah, won't our eyes shine! You'll see! (*Children dance, and clap hands.*)

HARRY. I ought to go with you to carry the bundles, mamma. (*A knock, and MR. CHESTER enters. MRS. WILTON starts.*)

MR. C. (*looking very stern*). Well! (*He looks around the room. Aside.*) How shall I begin? It's very embarrassing. (*He scowls.*) Well!

MRS. W. (*aside*). How he scowls, and how stern he looks! Oh, he suspects, and he is angry! Now Heaven help us!

DAISY (*stepping in front of him, and looking up in his face*). Was it you 't sent it?

MR. C. (*taking no notice*). Bad enough! bad enough! I can hardly believe my senses. (*Aside.*) Yes, it is my sister, my beautiful blooming sister Mary. (*Aloud.*) And you say you have no father?

MRS. W. No, they have no father. Their father died nearly a year ago.

MR. C. (*suddenly and in a commanding tone, rapping his cane on the floor*). But I say they *have* a father. (*Pauses grandly. The children seem a little frightened.*) I say they *have* a father. Now and in the future *I* am their father so long as I live. (*Pauses again in an impressive manner.*)

DAISY (*stepping forward, stamping her foot, and looking up in his face*). You're *not* our papa. You sha'n't be our papa. Our papa wasn't cross. He was kind and good, — *ever* so kind and good. (*Steps back, wagging her head defiantly.*)

MR. C. (*frowning down at DAISY, then around at the rest. He breaks down stammering and blubbing*). Mary, Mary, my sister, don't you know me? don't you know your brother Bob? (*Blows his nose, and is very much excited.* MRS. WILTON *buries her face in her handkerchief, and sobs.*)

REX (*fiercely, stepping toward him belligerently*). You go away! You are a naughty, bad man, 'n' you make my mother cry.

HARRY. And take your turkey, and all your money.

DAISY (*going in front of him, and stamping*). Go away!

DOTTY (*going in front of him, and stamping*). Quick, *or* *he* quick!

MR. C. (*dreadfully perplexed*). See here, Mary, your children are afraid of me. Tell 'em, tell 'em, Mary: *I* can't. Tell 'em I'm their father. — See here now, children, you know, I'm not cross. Really, now,

little dears, I'm not. I'm the kindest man in this city; I am now, really, only — why, you see, I don't know how to show it. (*Suddenly winks to audience triumphantly. Aside.*) I have it! (*Sits down, and ogles to the children, and beckons to them.*) Come here now, little dears, and I'll tell you a story, — a *true* one! Come now.

DOTTY (*coming over to him*). And won't you hurt us — truly?

MR. C. No, indeed. (*Puts her on his knee.*) There, I like that! You shall be my especial pet. Now (*to DAISY*), you come too, little pussy. (*Makes a noise as if calling a cat.*)

DOTTY (*putting her hand on his cheek, and pulling his face toward hers*). Daisy isn't a kitty.

MR. C. (*feigning the greatest surprise*). No indeed! There, now I have you. (*The boys draw nearer.*) Now for the story. (*Very pompously, and as though it were an astonishing statement.*) Once I was a little boy no bigger than you!

REX. O' course.

DAISY. All big folks was little folks like us once, wasn't they?

MR. C. (*puzzled and aside*). What shall I say next? How shall I tell 'em? I won't tell 'em at all: they'll hate me. I'll patch it up somehow. (*Aloud to the children.*) And I had a little sister, — a dear, beautiful (*blubbers, and takes out handkerchief*), beautiful little sister. It was your own mother, children, — your own mother, my beautiful, rosy little sister was. Mary (*turning to her*), Mary, come here, and tell them it is true.

MRS. W. (*rises, and stands beside MR. CHESTER with her arm over his shoulder*). Yes, my darlings, it is my own dear brother Robert; and thank God he is come!

MR. C. (*using his handkerchief freely*). And, children, it's a big world — and — and — and I lost her. And now I've found her, and I shall never lose her again. (*Gets up, and very clumsily puts his arms around her, and kisses her.*) No indeed, I will never lose her again, before Heaven I swear it! (*To the children, in his ogling tone again.*) And now, little darlings, will you let me be your father?

DOTTY. If you'll be good.

DAISY. And if mamma says so.

MR. C. *If and if!* It seems, then, I may get the mitten yet. Hey, little folks, I have a fat pocket-book, you know; and you won't have to wish for things any more and not have them — ha, ha! How will you like that?

REX. And shall we drive a span, and have lots of servants, and live in a castle?

MR. C. Hi! (*very proudly and grandly*) my son, you get on fast.

DAISY. Like kings and queens in fairy stories? (*Claps her hands.*) Oh, I shall love that!

MR. C. (*proudly again*). Tut, tut, my little daughter! Your expectations tally with your brother's, don't they?

MRS. W. (*smiling*). No, no, dears, not that. Your uncle means plenty of food, and warm clothing to keep you warm, and — and — a happy, comfortable home.

MR. C. (*looking grandly around on the company*).

Am I, then, at last the accepted head of this house, and father of these children?

REX (*running to him, and taking his hand*). Oh, you good, good, new papa!

DAISY (*she and DOTTY clinging to his other hand; baby with mamma*). I'll be good always, *always*, and mind you; and I *know* I'll like to be rich.

MR. C. Tut, tut!

DOTTY. An' me too.

HARRY (*throwing his arms around his mother's neck*). O mother, mother! It's too good.

MR. C. (*raising his finger at HARRY*). And mind, I'm to have no rival. You have no further charge of these little ones. You are to be my (*proudly*) eldest son, and one of the babies.

(*Curtain falls with finger still up.*)

SCENE V.

Handsome parlor of the new home. MRS. WILTON
making one or two ribbon bows at the table.

MR. C. (*pacing up and down the stage, rubbing his hands delightedly*). I tell you, Mary, we were lucky to get this all furnished at so short notice. Here it's been standing idle for four months. I believe it was just waiting for us. And to think they made me pay two hundred more for it on account of the children! Ha, ha, ha! Really now, I never knew before, — I really didn't, — that the little rabbits were so much

below par. But just let 'em try to get *mine* (*proudly*) away, — let 'em try it *that* way, and they'll find 'em at rather a heavy premium: eh, Mary?

MRS. W. (*snips off end of ribbon, and throws down work*). Yes, brother, we *were* fortunate in getting the house. And, Robert, you don't know it, but it was very quick work getting the children fitted out as you wished; but I hope you will find them to your liking.

MR. C. I trust so — I trust so. But, Mary my dear, (*pompously*) the nephews and nieces of Robert Chester ought to have every thing that is needful in the way of dress. (*Rings for servant; comes over to his sister's side.*) And to think, Mary (*pulls out his handkerchief*), that my own sister should have been poor and homeless with all her little ones, and I — I — (*blubbers*) I rolling up a great bank account — boo-hoo — all for myself — for one cosseted, crusty, snarly, withered-up old bach. It's shocking, it is really, you know. But I'll be a good father to your children, Mary. Really, I will, Mary. I — (*Knock, and maid enters. Wipes eyes hastily, straightens up majestically, and goes toward the maid.*) Harriet, you understand the children are to be here at seven. And mind you, (*getting excited*) seven doesn't mean quarter of seven nor quarter *past* seven — but *just* seven precisely and exactly. (*Exit maid.*)

MRS. W. Robert, if you wish to be a good father to the children —

MR. C. I know. I know. I go off like a fire-cracker. But (*proudly*) I shall stop it, — I shall stop it for the children's sake. (*Very pompously.*) If I'm

to govern this house and these children, of course I must govern myself. That's it — that's it; and I shall do it, too. (*Knock, and re-enters maid.*)

MAID. If you please, sir, is baby to be brought in with the other children?

MR. C. (*in a fury*). Is baby to be brought in with the other children! And what would you do with baby, pray, if he isn't brought in with the other children? Tell me that, if you please. Would you throw him out of the window? Would you —

MRS. W. (*placing her hand on his arm*). Robert dear —

MR. C. Yes, Mary my dear, there I go again. (*To maid, very politely.*) Harriet, my love, you may bring baby in with the other children, certainly. And, my love, (*very mysteriously*) keep them in the nursery till seven, then bring them here. Prompt at seven, you understand, my love. (*Exit maid, eying MR. CHESTER quizzically.*) There, sister Mary, that's a good beginning, you'll own. You mustn't despair of me. You see, my heart is so bursting full of Christmas peace and love and good-will, that it — why, you know what I mean — it will break out in spite of me.

DAISY (*behind scenes*). I won't stay in that old room. I'm going in that pretty room with mamma.

REX (*same*). No, you mustn't. Our new papa said we mustn't.

MRS. W. Robert dear, I think I'll go myself, and look after the children till seven o'clock. Harriet will never be able to control them. (*Exit.*)

MR. C. (*rubbing his hands in delight*). Our new

papa! Now, really, that means me, you know. It does, really. Of *course* Harriet will not be able to control those children. They are bright children, those children of mine are. *Nobody* will be able to control them,—nobody except myself (*with great importance*), and I shall rule them solely by love; solely by love, that's it. Ha, ha, ha! Won't the fellows at the club die with envy when they see me at the head of this house and all these children? Oh, but it will be sport to see them! it will now, really. But (*looking at his watch*) they will be here in a few minutes. This won't do. I must get to work (*picks up a Santa Claus costume lying on sofa*). I made a monkey of myself once to be Santa Claus, but that was when I was young. Bah! After all, I'm not so old *now*; no indeed, I'm a young man yet. How does this thing go anyhow, I wonder? (*Dresses as he talks.*) Now, that is a gay ticket. I wonder if the little rabbits will know me. I rather guess! You can't blind *those* youngsters very easily! (*Puts on wig.*) They *will* be 'cute if they know me now. (*Turns round and round before the glass, and admires himself delightedly.*) Ha! Won't their eyes shine, though! (*Puts a big bag over his back, and hangs a pair of skates, a trumpet, a tin horse, two dolls, and other toys over him.*) There! I'm a festive-looking Santa Claus, at all events. (*Voices outside, "Here, wait for me, Rexie!"*) Here they come, bless 'em! (*Enter DAISY.*)

DAISY (*peeps in, coming far enough to be well seen. At sight of SANTA CLAUS, holds up both hands in amazement, and exclaims*). Oh, my! Oh! (*Rushes off the*

stage screaming very loudly.) Harry, Harry! Rex! All of you! Come quick! It's Santa Claus! Really and truly Santa Claus, right here in our parlor! Where did he go? (*Enter the children. They look all about expectantly.*)

HARRY. Nonsense, Daisy, you little goosie! you're fooling us.

REX. Pooh! Santa Claus *never* comes right out like that.

DAISY. But I saw him! I saw him alive! Right here! With my two eyes! (*Dancing around, and hunting for SANTA.*)

DOT. Course she did! Daisy wouldn't tell a lie. I'll find him.

ALL THE CHILDREN (*spying him*). Oh, there he is! Oh, my! It is Santa Claus, as true as you live! (*Clap their hands, and dance up and down during these exclamations.*)

SANTA (*coming out and frisking around*). Well, little folks, a merry Christmas to you all!

ALL. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! How did you get here? Oh, but isn't he jolly! (*They clap hands and dance around.*)

DAISY (*going up to him*). Are you the truly, truly Santa Claus? Honest?

HARRY. Of course he is.

REX. You can see that with one eye.

ALL. Oh, my! Isn't it fine! (*Clap hands, and dance around SANTA.*)

HARRY. See those skates! Oh my eyes!

REX. My buttons! and that drum! (*DAISY and*

DOTTY *whisper together, and point to the dolls. Enter mamma with youngest child, if very small, in arms.*)

CHILDREN. O mamma! It's really and truly Santa Claus! (SANTA, who all this time has been frisking around, and shaking the presents teasingly at the children, begins to take them off. He holds up the skates.)

SANTA. Now, here's a fine pair of skates! They are just the thing for — for — let me see — for the baby.

CHILDREN. The baby! (They laugh.) No, no — no indeed! They'll just fit Harry. (In the scramble for the skates, DAISY or DOTTY, if big enough, gets the skates, gives them to HARRY, giving him at the same time a hug around the neck.)

SANTA. And these dolls! (Rocks them to and fro, singing "By-low-baby.") I do believe Rex here has his eye on these dolls! (Laughter again.)

CHILDREN (boisterously). You funny, naughty Santa!

REX. A boy have dolls!

HARRY. You must give Daisy and Dotty the dolls.

DOTTY. Of course. (SANTA gives dolls to the little girls.)

SANTA. And here's just the prettiest drum I could find in my toy-shop. Daisy and Dotty will want that too, I suppose. (Children, laughing boisterously, scramble for the drum, and hang it over REX's neck. They pull the toys from SANTA, he pretending to defend himself. One or two toys like a jumping-jack, a ball, and perhaps a few handfuls of candy, SANTA tosses slyly to the children in the audience. The children on the stage get

among the toys some bonbons; each snaps one, and puts one of the paper caps on. REX laughingly puts one on baby, and DAISY on her mother. DAISY then steps off, and exclaims with a wag of her head.)
There!

SANTA. There, children! Now, hasn't old Santa treated you handsomely? (*He holds up his finger for them to keep quiet, and pulls from his pocket a gold watch and chain. Goes to mamma, and fastens the chain around her neck very proudly and affectionately.*)
And see what we have for dear, dear mamma!

CHILDREN. Oh! (*Admiringly.*) Oh! You dear, dear old Santa Claus! Oh, you jolly old darling!

SANTA (*takes baby in arms*). And now, my dear, dear little folks, what is the very best of all the Christmas presents Santa Claus has brought you?

CHILDREN. Our new papa! Our beautiful, splendid new papa!

SANTA. And the very, very best Christmas gift he has brought to your new papa is a big, precious family to love and to care for. And so (*coming forward in centre*) God bless us all, and give us every year —

MRS. W. A merry Christmas and a bright New Year.

REX. And send us Santa loaded down with toys.

HARRY. And fill our hearts with merry Christmas joys.

DAISY. And we will help to make the Christmas merry —

DOTTY. By being kind and loving, very, very, very. (*Music strikes up. SANTA puts baby on the floor in*

front at one of the sides, takes MRS. WILTON as partner; the children pair, REX with DAISY and HARRY with DOTTY, and dance around the stage.)

(Curtain.)

NOTE. — After the curtain, Santa may go down into the audience, and distribute boxes of candy or bonbons to the children. It would be a good way, to have Santa Claus, when he is distributing the presents to the children in the play, toss to some gentleman in the audience boxes of candy or bonbons. They may be kept until now, and he can now distribute them. Santa may stay around in his costume as entertainer-in-general as long as is desirable.

A NEW COMEDY DRAMA.

DOWN IN MAINE.

An Original Domestic Drama in Four Acts.

By CHARLES TOWNSEND,

AUTHOR OF NEARLY ONE HUNDRED SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTIONS.

This charming play is Mr. Townsend's first concession to the lovers of the realistic school, and he has produced a masterpiece. There are no villains, no "heroics," no tangled plot nor sentimental love scenes. Yet the climaxes are strong, the action brisk, and the humor genial; while the characters are drawn with that masterly touch in which Mr. Townsend has no equal. Can be played in any hall. Scenery of the easiest sort. No shifting during any act. Properties few and simple.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

CHARACTERS.

ZEPH CUMMINGS, of <i>Hardscrabble Farm</i> , 'way down in Maine.	<i>A man that is a man take him as you will</i>	Character Lead.
RALPH, his brother, a New York millionaire		Old Man.
NEIL WENTWORTH, a young inventor		Juvenile Lead.
BINGLE, the old fisherman, a "grown up kid"		First Low Comedy.
TOMPS, the hired man, not lazy, but tired		Character Comedy.
MR. HOLDEN, a wide awake lawyer		Utility.
JIMPSEY, a "Fresh Air" youngster		Comedy.
MOSE GASSIN, a stuttering lover		Comedy.
SUSIE CUMMINGS, Ralph's daughter		Juvenile Lead.
MRS. CUMMINGS, Zeph's wife		First Old Woman.
KEZIAH, forty-three and desperate		Character Comedy.
BETSY TOMPS		Comedy.

TIME—The Present. PLACE—Down in Maine.
TIME OF PLAYING—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—The Farm. "Hayin' time an' lots of company."
ACT II.—The Picnic. Fun, with a sprinkle of sorrow.
ACT III.—In the gloaming. The worship of Mammon. Cast adrift.
ACT IV.—The day before Christmas. The unexpected arrival. The heart of a man. "Supper's ready!"

MR. TOWNSEND'S OPINION.

In speaking of this drama, the author says: "I have produced an original domestic drama in 'Down in Maine,' and my own opinion, which is backed by the critics, is that I have never written anything better."

Here, at last, is the *great, realistic home play*, for which we have had thousands of inquiries. Written by the master of his art. Bright, breezy, and full of life. Printed directly from MR. TOWNSEND'S own acting copy, with every detail of stage business clearly indicated.

WHO ARE YOU?

A Sketch in One Act.

By FRANK H. SHEPARD.

Two male, one female characters. Scene a plain interior; costumes modern. A bright and vivacious little piece of flirtation, of the "best two out of three" order, with some ingenious variations of idea and treatment. A very up-to-date bit of humor and sentiment, equally suited for amateurs or for "vaudeville" use. Plays half an hour.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

NEW PLAYS.

OLD ACRE FOLK.

A Play of Country Life in Two Acts.

By DANA J. STEVENS.

Six male, four female characters. Costumes modern and rustic; scene a plain interior; the same for both acts. This is a particularly easy and effective play of the "Joshua Whitecomb" order, full of characteristic rustic humor and amusing incident, and quite without any of the scenic difficulties that ordinarily attend such pieces and are more or less essential to them. No cows, pigs, loads of hay or other properties hard to manage in a church vestry, but just human beings making fun, love, money, tracks, and other amusing things. All the parts are good, and give plenty of opportunity to their actors. An ideal piece for a young amateur club. Lots of incident. Plays about two hours.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

CHARACTERS.

(As originally produced by the Beuna Vista Footlight Club, at Chapel Hall, Roxbury, November 22, 1900, under the direction of Walter H. Baker.)

THE DEACON, <i>Caleb Evans</i>	Mr. Dana J. Stevens
THE DEACON'S WIFE, <i>Emma Eliza</i>	Miss Gertrude Cheyne
THE DEACON'S SON, <i>Jaffray</i>	Mr. Leander Abbott, Jr.
THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER, <i>Mary Jane</i>	Miss Mabel Baker
THE SQUIRE, <i>Aaron Playfair</i>	Mr. Percy Hull
THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER, <i>Lizbeth Ann</i>	Miss Mae Stockwell
THE SQUIRE'S HOUSEKEEPER, <i>Prisilla Prim</i>	Miss Lucy G. M. Card
THE COUNTRY BOY, <i>Ebenezer Ham</i>	Mr. Roys E. Woodward
THE STRANGER, <i>Job Hardy</i>	Mr. Oliver W. Bowman
THE CONSTABLE, <i>Ike Johnson</i>	Mr. Harry Lowd

SCENE.—At the Deacon's Farmhouse. The action of the play takes place in the little village of Old Acre, down in Maine.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Hayin'-time. The Deacon's settin'-room.

(Supposed lapse of six months.)

ACT II.—Sleihin'-time. The Deacon's settin'-room once more.

THEIR FIRST DINNER.

A Farce in One Act.

By RUFUS H. GILLMORE.

Three male, two female characters. Scene, a modest dining-room; costumes, modern and fashionable. A neat little sketch of early married life and the mishaps of amateur housekeepers. Irish, French and English comedy characters. Plays thirty-five minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

HYPNOTISM.

A Farce in One Act.

By NEWELL BENT.

Three male, two female characters; but all the parts are intended to be played by boys, as in the original performance by pupils of the Fay School, Southborough, Mass. A very lively and effective little play, admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was written, and strongly recommended. Irish and Negro comedy characters. Scenery unimportant; costumes, modern and easy. Plays ten or fifteen minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

COMEDIES.

TRYING IT ON BELDON.

A Comedy in Two Acts.

By S. JENNIE SMITH.

Seven male, four female characters. Costumes, modern and eccentric; scenery, an easy interior, or may be dispensed with altogether. Mr. Beldon, the father of a family of hypochondriacs, decides to turn the tables. He accordingly shams illness, whereupon everyone insists on his taking their favorite medicine, and privately sends for his or her own pet doctor, all of whom arrive at once. In the midst of it all an invitation arrives to a fishing party, which he has greatly looked forward to, so that Beldon's misery is complete. At this juncture Jack Phelps, a young doctor, who has been refused the hand of Beldon's daughter, because he belonged to that hated profession, turns up, and by an exhibition of sheer common sense wins father and daughter at the same time. A sharp rap at the medical profession, broadly but effectively done. Plays forty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS

THE REVENGE OF SHARI-HOT-SU

A Japanese Comedy in Two Acts.

By C. B. BATCHELDER.

Three male, four female characters. Costumes, Japanese; scenes, a Japanese interior and a Japanese exterior. If scenery cannot be had, the former may be easily extemporized out of screens, etc., and the latter out of potted plants and Japanese lanterns. This is a very sane, reasonable and characteristic comedy of Japanese manners, treating these interesting people as human beings, and not according to the usual custom, as figures from comic opera. Motives, manners and customs are seriously and honestly presented in connection with an interesting, sympathetic, dramatic and perfectly possible story, and surrounded with a convincing atmosphere of character. Two of the characters are Europeans, the rest Japanese. Shari-hot-su offers the first attempt known to us to set down phonetically the Japanese dialect in English speech, and the result is most amusing and interesting as a study from life. Plays an hour and a half.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

THE THREE GRACES.

A Comedy in One Act.

By EDWARD GRANVILLE.

Four male, two female characters. Costumes, modern and fashionable; scenery, a handsome interior. An especially clever and well written piece of the "well-made" order, introducing a most charming figure of a typical American girl against an ingenious and effective English background. Dora Cagny cannot help being charming in the relations provided for her, while the misunderstandings of her father, the millionaire pork-packer, in his encounter with the "aristocracy," are bountiful in humorous effect. Plays forty minutes.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

Receipt of price by

er & Company

Boston, Massachusetts

copy del. to Cat. Div.

APR 26 1911

The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston,

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2007

Preservation Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 158 213 3